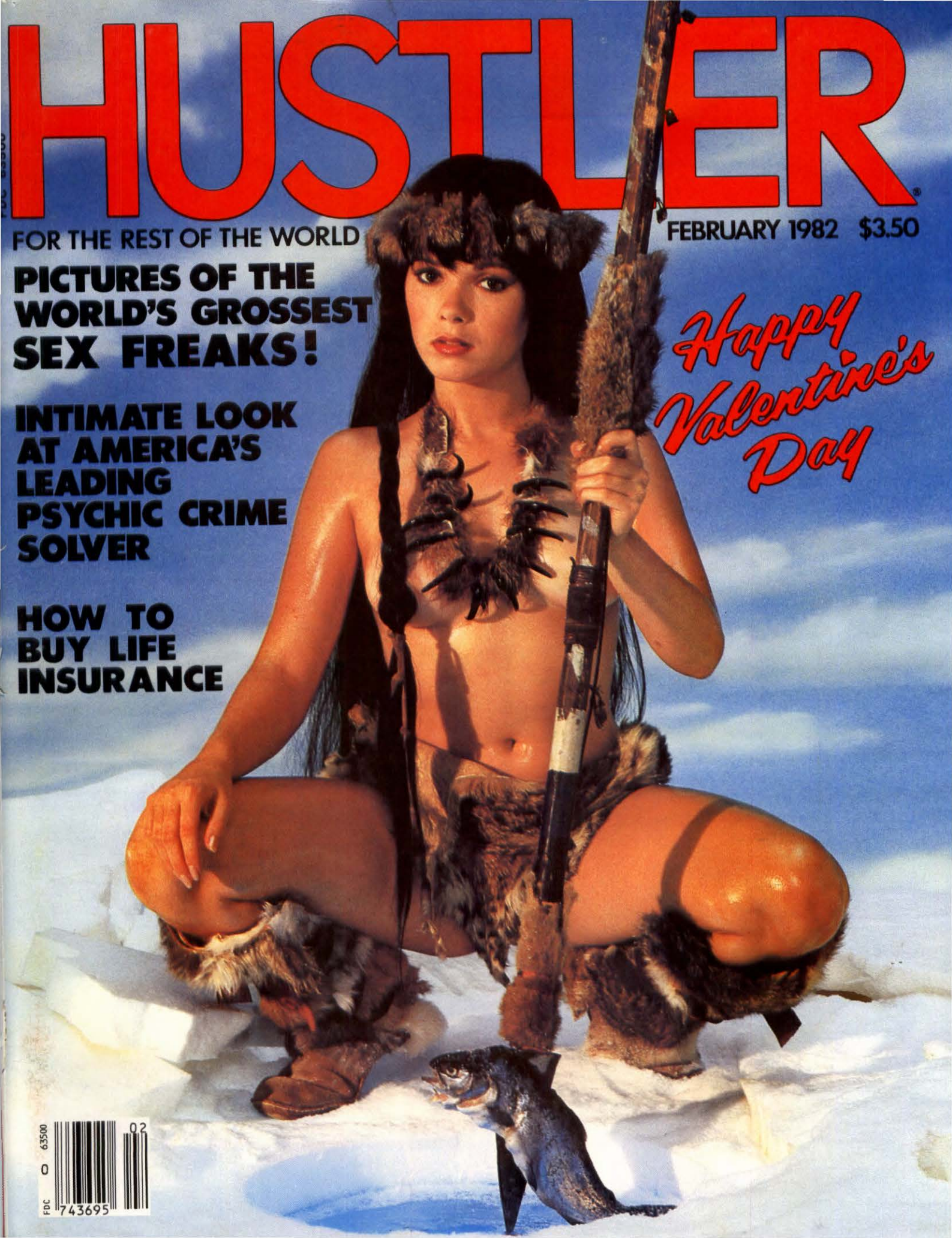
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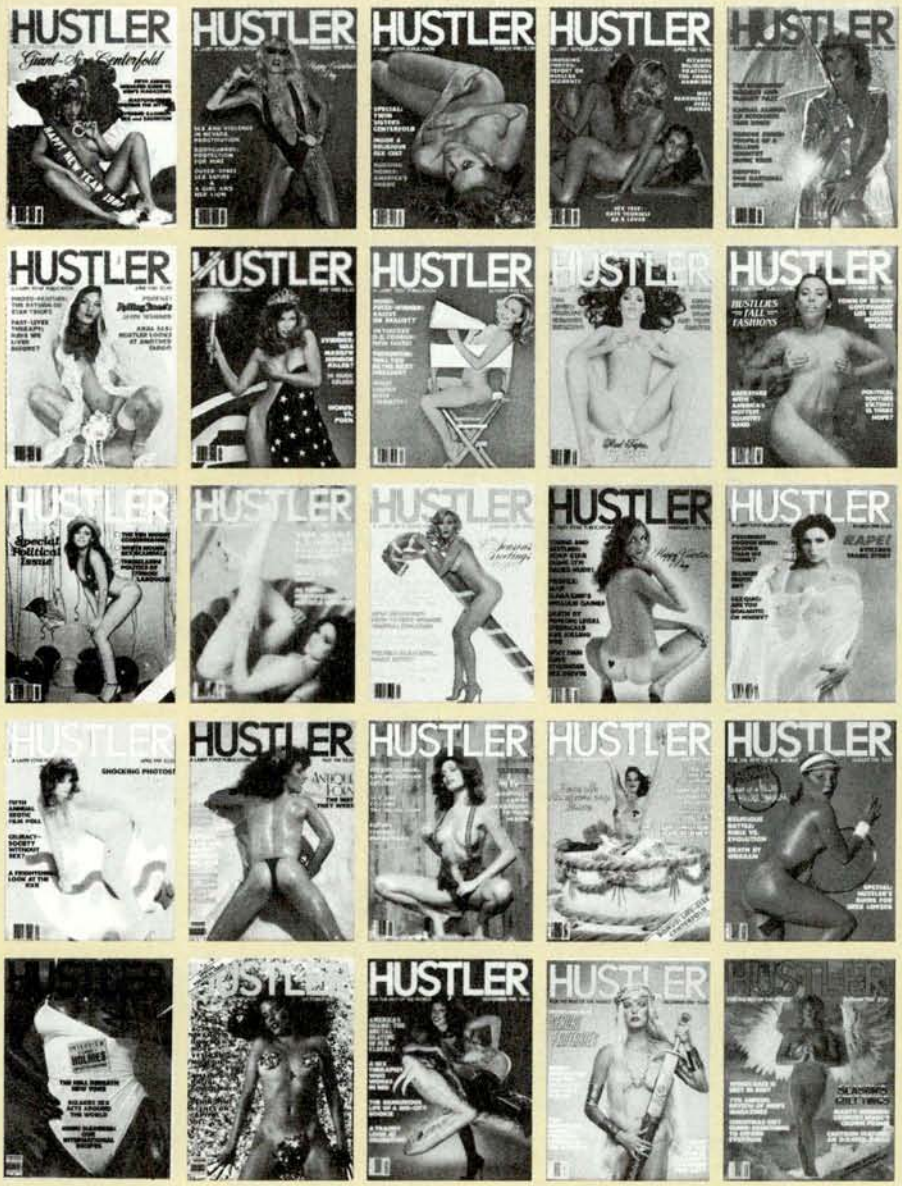

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HUSTLER FEBRUARY 1982 VOLUME 8 NUMBER 8

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT

Death of the Truth

Over the years, I have always believed in two basic concepts: freedom of expression, and the necessity of having good solid information. Only facts—not prejudices or beliefs—can make a democracy such as ours work. That's why I cheered in 1974 when Congress put some real teeth into the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA).

The act said that government agencies cannot operate in secret, that anyone who makes a decision affecting all 220 million Americans should be held accountable for that decision. Any American would have access to his or her own personal files, and access to other previously unavailable documents. All you had to do was write a specific agency—such as the FBI or the CIA—and for around $25 you would receive a complete report on whatever written material the government held on you.

But now the Attorney General and several dozen congressmen are trying to bury the Freedom of Information Act. Considering the many startling revelations uncovered through the FOIA process, such an intention is an intolerable insult to fair-thinking people. Using the FOIA, reporters learned that government agencies had spied on Americans for Democratic Action, the John Birch Society, the Urban League, the National Council of Churches and other groups. Thanks to the FOIA, Americans have been able to blast away at that fortress of secrecy—the Internal Revenue Service.

Without the FOIA the Pentagon never would have admitted how much of the deadly chemical Agent Orange was used during the Vietnam conflict. Nor would it have been discovered that the United States and Japan secretly entered into an astounding post-World War II agreement. In exchange for information on the germ-warfare experiments conducted on American prisoners of war—many of whom died—the U.S. did not report Japan's inhumane research to the war-crimes tribunal.

Rest assured that on file there is highly personal information on each and every one of you reading HUSTLER. Without the Freedom of Information Act there'd be no way of knowing if that data were true or false.

When Congress passed the FOIA, the following statement was read into the Congressional Record: "Information is essential to knowledge—and knowledge is the basis for political power. Under our government system, maximum access to information must, therefore, always reside firmly in the hands of the American people."

That's a fine and noble sentiment; but if the current reign of bureaucrats has its way, it will bite the dust. Already federal departments are slowing down the acknowledgment of requests, thereby forcing citizens to sue in order to retrieve basic information. That's the same principle as having to sue the public library to check out a book.

Government chair-warmers also want to completely lock up information in "records generated by the United States or any party in connection with the settlement of a legal action in which the United States is a party or has an interest." This would give a blank check to *all* regulatory agencies as well as law-enforcement agencies to say that what they have done—their decisions, rulings or agreements—is none of the public's business.

It's high time our leaders in Washington remember the phrase "government of the people, by the people, for the people." Those aren't empty words. Let's hope and pray the politicians begin working *for* us, not against us. One of the best ways we can make sure they do is to keep the Freedom of Information Act alive.

Larry Flynt

Publisher &
Chairman of the Board

Scientific Sex Appeal!

Potent-8, the Scent that Releases Her Inhibitions, Instantly!

Now Doctors at leading universities in Europe and Canada have found a substance whose mere aroma can be used to arouse and strip any woman of her normal defenses. She can't resist getting turned on to you in a completely new way. And, she will sense it but never know why because the pleasant aroma works subconsciously to make you appear even more attractive, more impressive, and even more desireable to her.

Unlock the Sexual Impulses In Anyone You Desire!

Scientists first described the incredibly powerful sexual attractants in insects as Pheromones. Now, Sexual Pheromones have been found in humans, too! American scientist and researcher, William Sergio, has captured the secret in 2 new formulas utilizing male and female Pheromones from human sweat glands and tear ducts to create the ultimate love potions, Potent-8 for men and Captive-8 for women. For the first time, you can unlock the sexual impulses of *anyone* you desire! Just sprinkle a few drops on your clothes and the potent but almost imperceptible aroma goes right to work sending powerful chemical messages to the women around you. You can add it to your favorite cologne, perfume or after shave. With Potent-8, you will approach any woman, enter any party, take command in any situation with a new and total confidence.

*Scientific Proof!

It really works! The knowledge that human beings produce odors and scents that can attract or repel each other is nothing new. Perfume and cosmetic manufacturers have been trying to capitalize on it for centuries. But now, for the first time, the secret has been found. Tests done by Doctors at leading universities in Europe and Canada confirm it. A leading international publication reports that Doctors at the famous Masters and Johnson Sexual Institute have conducted tests in St. Louis, Missouri that show the power of sexual Pheromones.

You Succeed or Pay Nothing!

Research results are so startling that we can confidently offer you this incredible guarantee. Try Potent-8 for men (Captive-8 for women) for 30 days. Use it time and time again. Use all of it. See the thrilling results. You must be completely satisfied or you may send back the empty bottle for an immediate refund, no questions asked! Whether you choose to become a Potentate with women, or Captivate your men, don't delay. Order NOW!

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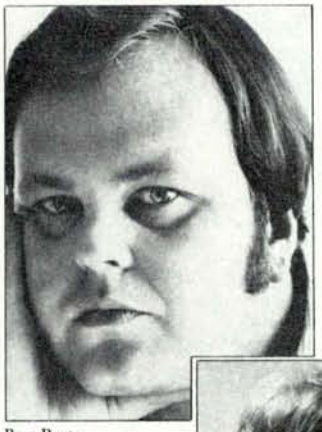
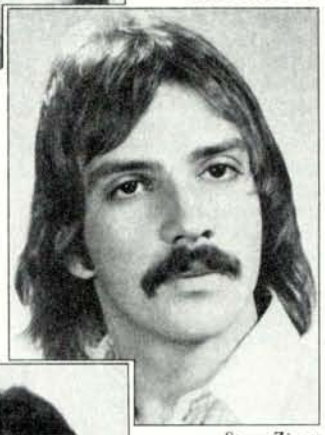
Money, death and sex are three of the heaviest topics folks try to cope with these days. Finding some good, no-bullshit guidance in these areas can be tougher than hunting elephants with a peashooter. So if you're concerned about any one of these subjects, February's HUSTLER is a must read.

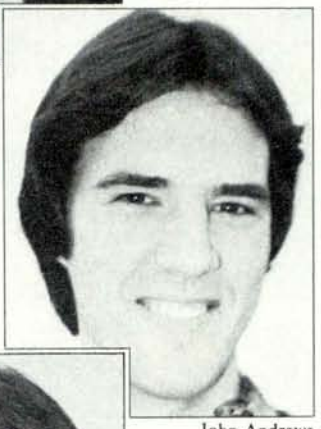

Ben Pesta

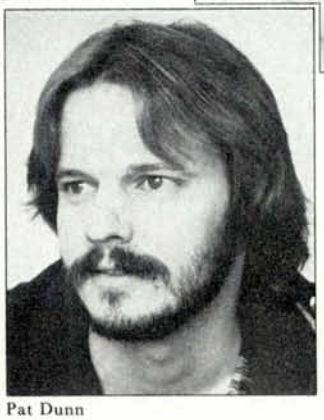
Preying on our natural concern for our families—and emptying our wallets in the process—the life-insurance industry promotes one of modern America's most shameful scams. You'll discover how the industry operates—and how to be a smart buyer instead of just another victim—in **BEN PESTA**'s vital report, **LIFE INSURANCE: LOOK BEYOND THE SMALL PRINT**. A former Editorial Director of our sister publication CHIC, Pesta last appeared on these pages in August 1981 with an article on the increasingly bitter debate over the theory of evolution. Pesta is currently a senior lecturer in journalism at the University of Southern California, and his byline appears often in major national magazines. For the artwork we called on HUSTLER regular **MICK McGINTY**, who illustrated the December 1981 profile, *Benny Binion: Poker's Grand Old Man*. McGinty recently worked as a stylist on the new science-fiction flick *Star Man*.


Steve Zipay

J. Bradford Olesker

The mystery called death becomes even more troubling when you consider that some people can predict not only when it will happen, but where and how. One such gifted person is **DOROTHY ALLISON**, a 57-year-old housewife who's helped police solve at least 13 brutal murders. Allison has also provided clues in cases ranging from that of fugitive heiress Patty Hearst to two 49-year-old men whose bodies were finally found in the wreckage of a private plane in a rugged, remote area of New Jersey. Our gripping profile of this **PSYCHIC CRIME-SOLVER** is by HUSTLER newcomer **STEVE ZIPAY**. An award-winning reporter and editor on the staff of Long Island's *Newsday*, Zipay has also been published in the *Bergen* (New Jersey) *Record*, the *Connecticut Herald* and *Sport* magazine. Right now he's writing a novel—tentatively titled *High and Outside*—and a screenplay. The companion illustration was provided by **PAT DUNN**, whose work appears frequently in HUSTLER, CHIC and GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION. Dunn's art accompanied last month's fiction, *Sentimental Journey*.


John Andrews


Pat Dunn

The threat of death also looms large in February's gritty fiction, **THE SHARK**. This story of violence, treachery and touching love on the mean streets of Chicago's uptown ghetto was penned by **J. BRADFORD OLESKER**, Editorial Director of Larry Flynt Publications. Olesker is the author of three novels, including *No Place Like Home* and *Beyond Forever*. **ROGER BERGENDORFF** is responsible for the accompanying art. A resident of Los Angeles, Bergendorff rendered the painting for last month's profile, *Marty Robbins: A Country Singer's Battle to Survive*.

Although never fatal, minor diseases of the female sex organs often make a woman *feel* as if she's on her last leg, and they can put a serious crimp in a normal love life as well. Freelance writer **FRANCESCA PORTER**'s *Sex Play*, **HOW VAGINAL INFECTIONS AFFECT MEN**, offers a clear, concise overview of a common problem not many men—or women—know much about. A former high-school teacher, Porter has written articles for magazines ranging from *McCall's* to *Penthouse Forum*. **JOHN ANDREWS**, who illustrated last June's expose', *Hospital Horrors: Manslaughter by Mistake*, did the illustration.

In addition, this month we're presenting **HUSTLER'S AMAZING SEX FREAKS**. These are all true-life photos—many of them taken from medical journals—of such outrageous abnormalities as a woman with an 84-inch bosom, one with *four* breasts and another without any nipples at all.

Once again we've put together an issue that deals with the real problems of the real world in a no-nonsense, straight-from-the-shoulder manner. For proof, just turn the pages.

Cover by Matti Klatt

Lose 4-6 inches of bulging fat!

Let the Shrink Wrap System reduce a combination of your waist and hips; NOW!

Slim Down Scientifically Without Starving!

That's right! 4-6 inches starting the very first day! Science has known about this principle for years. In fact, right now, professional and amateur athletes the world over are using it in their training programs. And many famous entertainers who have to trim down fast rely on this method. Now, *you* can use it to melt inches off your waist, . . . your hips, . . . anywhere!

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Many years ago, skin divers noticed that when they changed from their wet suit to street clothes, their pants were loose and their weight was many pounds less! A scientist found three reasons—

1. A wet suit is worn snugly, resulting in an isometric effect that can actually add tone to loose muscle tissue. *Shrink Wrap is adjustable so you can put the isometric effect to work for you immediately!*
2. Wet suit rubber provides insulation and retains body heat, so they burned calories faster. And, they couldn't snack, so they burned off body fat. *Shrink Wrap is made from this same rubber and you'll burn fat off your body faster by using it to modify eating patterns.*
3. Diving and swimming burn additional calories and amplified the heating effect of the special rubber. *Shrink Wrap comes with its own easy exercise program for you to shed unsightly inches even more rapidly.*

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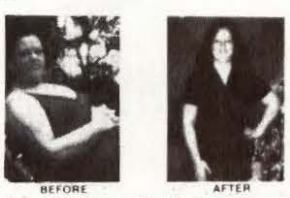
Remember, plastics and elastics are merely flimsy imitations. Girdles just squeeze it in. But the Shrink Wrap System takes it off . . . *fast*! It's working right now for thousands of satisfied buyers and it can work for you, if *you* order now!

Real People Lose Pounds and Inches!

Here are the impressive stories (all sworn and notarized) of a few outstanding users. Everyone may not do as well, but if **they** *can do this well, just think how many pounds and inches* **you** *will lose quickly with the Shrink Wrap System!*

Mr. Douglas Fink—Asheville, N.C.
"I lost 6 inches in 16 days! I've worn it to work, playing softball, tennis, exercising, and just about anything I want to do. My weight dropped 13 pounds! I lost 4 inches from my waist alone!"



Mrs. Mildred C. Cable—Land O'Lakes, Fla.
"I went from a size 20½ dress down to a 12! I tried every method. With Shrink Wrap, the exercise program and a sensible diet, I lost 52 pounds! I lost 8 inches from my waist and 11 inches from my hips! Now, I tell all my friends about Shrink Wrap!"

Ms. Loretta Dene Fair—Pontiac, Mich.
"My total weight loss was 34½" off waist and hips! I've been overweight for as long as I can remember. The Shrink Wrap System worked miracles! 18½" off my waist, 16" off my hips, all in only 8 months. Shrink Wrap even helped me to stop overeating and stop snacking. I lost 124 pounds! I'm a new woman!"

James Carlisle—Manager, Karate School of Champions, Wilkensburg, Pa.
"My students wore Shrink Wrap and literally melted away inches from their waist and hips!"

..more real people

Dr. J. Lee Briers—New Castle, Delaware
"I lost 5" from my waist and 6" from my hips over a 12 day period. My weight loss was 18 lbs."

Helena Smith—Vandalia, Mich.
"I lost 5" off my waist and 5" off my hips! I'm amazed at the way Shrink Wrap works!"

Robert N. Nilsen—Mechanicsburg, Pa.
"I lost 9 pounds and 4 inches off my waist in 2 weeks! It's just unbelievable that it took so little time and effort!"

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Please give us your waist size:

Men's _____ Women's _____

_____ Rush 1 belt at $14.99 plus $1.50 p&h.
(Save $3) _____ Rush 2 belts at $27.99 plus $2 p&h.

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Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Code 107 Canadian residents add 25%. Send to 280 Havelock St. Suite 202 Toronto M6H3B9

Viking Queen: You people really outdid yourselves with *Inga*, your December 1981 covergirl and centerfold (top photo). That blonde could be the Queen of the Vikings. Where have you been keeping her? —Michael Proctor
Houston, Texas

Hitting Home: I don't agree with all of your cartoons, but the one in your November 1981 issue about the elderly lady sitting at a desk eating dog food and sending the last of her money to Jerry Falwell really hit home (center). Many of us don't realize how the disabled or people in nursing homes get taken advantage of by these holy rollers they watch on TV.

It's time people realize you can't buy your way into heaven; you have to earn it. Speaking of which, the Jerry Falwells of the world ought to buy work gloves and find jobs if they need money to spread God's word. —P. A.
Blairsville, Pennsylvania

As far as I'm concerned, the Jerry Falwell cartoon in your November 1981 issue says it all. That bastard is only after everyone's last dollar. And those naive people think Falwell's preaching for *them*. I'm glad my grandmother believes the same way I do! —Bob Ikehorn
Silver Spring, Maryland

I remember Stan Fine as one of the most talented cartoonists of the 1950s. In that era he made us stop whatever we were doing and laugh at ourselves. But it's interesting now to consider what time, attitude and the Almighty dollar will do. Nowadays you might come across one of Fine's cartoons, the likes of which appeared in the September 1981 HUSTLER, and find his characterizations demeaning a particular sect of people—the Jews—to which he himself belongs. To use the term "Jewed" in reference to an act of negotiation is a slap in the face to standard biblical history.

Although I haven't always been an advocate of the humor gracing the pages of HUSTLER, I've come to accept the selling factor of such material. Some of your cartoons, despite the absence of morality, seem to serve that purpose.

I feel that Fine has sold out. If his cartoon for HUSTLER is an example of the best he can do, then his best works stand on their own merit as fading memories.
—Michael T. Johnson
Ardmore, Pennsylvania

As you mentioned, back in the '50s Fine's humor made us stop and laugh at ourselves. We feel his excellent work in HUSTLER accomplishes that same purpose. Maybe it's you who has forgotten how to laugh.

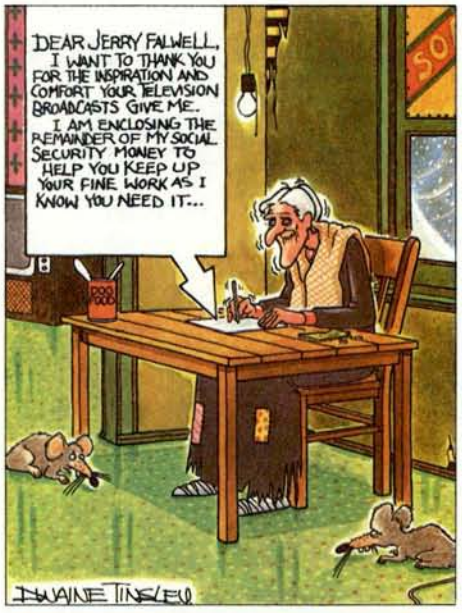

Photo Forum: I have to hand it to you for your November 1981 Honey, *Samantha: Devil Woman* (bottom photo). Being a true Satanist, I found this to be your best centerfold yet. You're still the greatest magazine in the world.
—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

I've been a tit man ever since the little girl across the street first grew hers. But photographer Matti Klatt shows us that beautiful doesn't have to be big. November 1981's *Samantha: Devil Woman* has the nicest tiny titties I've ever seen. More, Matti, more! —R. T. Johnson
Stony Point, New York

I've been ogling Mark Rice's cover photo on the June 1981 issue for months. Even viewing it for seconds is mesmerizing. That girl in suspenders is absolutely gorgeous. Where can I find more photos of her? —J. Randles
Seattle, Washington

Our April 1981 centerfold features the girl you're looking for. To order, clip out our back-issues coupon on page 4 of this issue.

Asshole of the Interior: HUSTLER chose James Watt, secretary of the interior, as November 1981's Asshole of the Month. I agree with your terminology. Watt, an anti-environmentalist/Big Business man at heart, has overextended his authority by disregarding the needs and desires of the American people. But I don't blame Ronald Reagan for Watt's failure—the President is far too busy to be wasting time nurturing his Cabinet personnel.

Although Watt controls substantial lands in our country, I don't believe he would total Yellowstone and the Grand Canyon. The people would stop him before that. On the other hand, he could exhaust great reserves of forest and woodland that should be preserved for future generations. Watt's a self-centered man who cares only about the here and now. Any man who overlooks the needs of the people for his own selfish interests is a Big Business jackass already held in low esteem by the American people. I commend HUSTLER for bringing Watt's true job performance to light, and I wonder what response, if any, he has to the questions you've posed him.
—Robert Brizel
Ithaca, New York

Secretary of the Interior James Watt

calls himself a Christian. But there is no religious justification for the utter destruction of God's green earth in the name of political or economic greed. Watt thinks he is on special assignment to the Pharaoh (Reagan), a job given him "By Decree of God Almighty." I believe in Jesus, but I don't believe in James Watt, who is a religious front for economic and political deception.

—Aaron M. Farris
Miami, Florida

I think HUSTLER goofed, badly. Calling James Watt an "Asshole of the Month" destroyed the credibility of your magazine. Apparently you sucked up a standard dose of Sierra Club propaganda. That propaganda is based on falsehoods. The National Park Service makes Jerry Falwell, by comparison, look like this nation's champion of freedom. James Watt is overfunding the National Park Service. But the National Park Service's policies are causing the increasing deterioration of our beautiful wildlands for no other reason than the budgetary schemes and power plays of corrupt bureaucrats.

The Sierra Club and the National Park Service have brainwashed this nation on environmental issues. Your "Asshole" award highlighted that naivete. If you adequately investigated the facts, you'd be embarrassed and conclude that you owe your readers an apology. —Doug Buchanan, President
Alaskan Alpine Club
Fairbanks, Alaska

Race Views: Americans, white and black, are afraid of what attitudes such as Michael Bane's can create (*America's Racial Powder Keg*, October 1981). Does he realize that his words could actually cause some individual to harm somebody? He should consider himself fortunate that he's able to write an opinion in a magazine read by millions of people across the country. With the readership HUSTLER has, articles about race should attempt to show a positive view.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Vietnam: Regarding Jim Hopkins, the Agent Orange victim profiled in your October 1981 issue, I was very sorry to hear about his life and how he died. I recently watched a television show, *In Search of . . .* , hosted by Leonard Nimoy, about the Vietnam prisoners of war still missing in action. Nimoy said some former Green Berets left their families and went back to Vietnam to help these soldiers escape. But our government stopped them. I get so frustrated by how our officials treat the people in the armed forces. —Eddie L. Mendez
Superior, Arizona

Parent Beating: Your November 1981 article *Abuse of the Elderly: How Children Brutalize Their Parents* really hit me down deep. I don't see how anyone could hurt their parents or grandparents the way people portrayed in your report have. I think these abusers should get the same treatment in return. There ought to be a stiff law enforced to deal with them. What must go through their minds when they attack their own flesh and blood? In conclusion, I'd like to commend Bruce Henderson for a fine reporting job. —Chuck Martin Jr.
Concord, California

Fiction Fan: HUSTLER's November 1981 issue turned out to be an excellent source of enjoyment. *In Case of Emergency* was a real tearjerker, and author Roberta Metz is an excellent writer.

—Tim Greene
Morton, Washington

Good Advice: A woman with the initials D. D. wrote in your October 1981 *Advise & Consent* column that she was afraid she wouldn't have any more orgasms after undergoing a hysterectomy. I want to comfort her. After two kids and "female problems" I had a hysterectomy last year. Not only did I survive with flying colors, I have so many orgasms when I make love with my husband that he envies me!

I bet we make love at least six days a week because we both enjoy it and no longer have to worry about making babies. Tell D. D. not to worry.

—Tracy Reed
Norfolk, Virginia

Gun School: In a December 1981 *Bits & Pieces* item, you said the average age of murderers and their victims will go down if elementary schools continue to teach young children the use of guns. Following that line of thought, you must believe sex education in schools promotes teenage pregnancy and experimentation with sex at a younger age. Get your act together. You can't have it both ways. —G. N.
Plainfield, Indiana

If you equate teaching a natural, healthy activity such as sex with teaching an unnatural, unhealthy activity such as gunplay, then maybe you need to get your act together.

Hite of Insensitivity: Sometimes you people are incredibly insensitive to your readers' tastes. It's bad enough that HUSTLER has to review Shere Hite's new book, *The Hite Report on Male Sexuality*, in your November 1981 *Bits & Pieces* section without us having to "review" the author herself. Her bullshit

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"reports" are some of the finest examples of sour grapes I've ever seen.

As for the crap in her books, if you were as ugly as she is, and just as starved for approval, you might also figure out some elaborate rationalization why you're morally and politically better off because no one will have anything to do with you. If she thinks sexual sharing between male and female lovers is "oppressive," maybe she just sees herself as the champion of fat, ugly cunts everywhere. Why don't you guys at HUSTLER just forget where you filed those photos of Hite?

—David H. Stahl
Denver, Colorado

Our mention of Shere Hite's "report" in Bits & Pieces was not a review. Rather, we took the opportunity to point out some of the absurdities in the book that you mention. Had you read the item carefully, you would know the photos were to show "there are some subjects better left unstripped."

Rebel With a Cause: I'm a long-time reader of HUSTLER Magazine, and I admire Larry Flynt's courage to write openly and honestly no matter how controversial the subject matter. Your magazine has the reputation of being forward-thinking in exposing the social, governmental and religious hypocrisy plaguing our world. Yours is the only one with enough backbone to change society for the better. You are a true rebel.

I too am a rebel, but I don't consider a rebel to be an uncontrollable troublemaker or a person who opposes every aspect of the Establishment. A rebel is someone who thinks for himself, makes his own decisions and stands by them regardless of the consequences.

I'm growing tired of taking a backseat and letting others such as yourself speak out against injustice. I want to share in the front lines of a movement to awaken our society in the hopes of relieving the social barriers restricting our emotions, thoughts and beliefs.

—Duane K. Wykoff
San Luis Obispo, California

Voicing your feelings, as you have to us, is a good first step. Try letting the government know your opinions as step number two. Getting "involved" is number three. You can probably take it from there.

Good or Evil? Keep up the good work you're doing with HUSTLER. Larry Flynt's honest approach to sex and communication marks him as a courageous man. I hope the scumbag coward who shot him gets what he deserves—life in prison.

—William Lockhart
San Francisco, California

Bravo, HUSTLER! Thanks to October 1981's *Publisher's Statement* ("Slaughter of the Innocents"); the *World News Roundup* item about Jack Gregorio, a self-appointed censor charged with child molestation; your *Asshole of the Month* choice of ex-Congressman Robert E. Bauman, an antidrug and antiporn crusader; and your *Sex Play* comments about sexual repression, I really got a load off my chest. The public should admire the subtlety of HUSTLER's staff in tying together all this meaningful information.

So, good friends in the New Right, I only pray that you read HUSTLER and wake up! You are being played for fools by the very "perverts" you oppose. And, in the process, you are throwing away your own Constitutional guarantees to freedom.

—Joseph Gettus
Pacifica, California

Your publication is the most horrible thing I've ever had the displeasure to see. No wonder this country's in the position it is, when you put this magazine on the stands where kids and teenagers can purchase it. I hope to God that the first ones to buy it are the children of your staff. I suppose money is your real goal, but only a lunatic would pay money for this trash. You're all just a bunch of animals, and I hope you fry in hell.

—Name and Address
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As we've said many times, HUSTLER is not for sale to minors.

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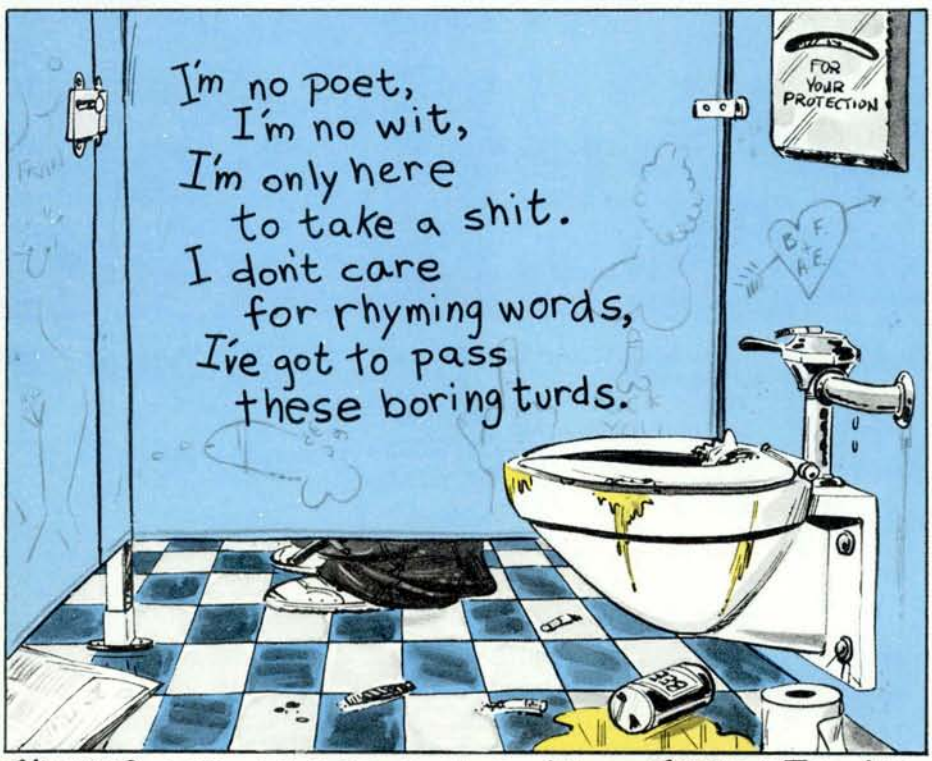

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Larry Flynt, Publisher

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

The University of Illinois is the first higher-educational institution in the country to provide its students with free condoms. Male students at the Champaign-Urbana campus are given the rubbers on request, while female students are allowed to pick them up for their nonstudent partners. The school's associate health director admits officials were uncertain about reaction to the program--not only from parents, but also from local druggists, who stand to lose some business.

The number of unmarried couples living together in the U.S. nearly tripled between 1970 and 1980, the Census Bureau reports. The government's new study on "marital status and living arrangements" disclosed that as of March 1980 there were 1.56 million households made up of two unrelated adults of the opposite sex. In the 1970 census the figure was 523,000. The study's author, Arlene Saluter, says a major factor in the increase was "the growing acceptance of new types of lifestyles." Saluter noted that the nation's 48 million married couples outnumbered the unmarried couples living together by more than 30 to 1.

Despite the French reputation for romance, the president of France's Institute of Sexology claims half the country's population is suffering from sexual problems. "There must be at least 100,000 couples for whom the sex act is like going to the guillotine," says Dr. Jacques Wynber. The most common affliction in French marriages, he says, is failure to have sexual intercourse at all. Wynberg identifies the big snags as inexperience, trouble with in-laws, and men with too much reverence for their wives. The expert says there's "no such thing as impotent men--only frigid men, and no such thing as frigid women--only (awkward) men."

The best way to stay healthy is a long, sweaty sex session. That's the opinion of Cornell University Professor Howard Glazer, who claims making love reduces stress and helps keep up stamina. "Unhurried, passionate sex is better than 100 sit-ups," he says. "It beats Tiger's milk or a visit to a health spa."

An Upland, California, man is suing a tavern, maintaining that he was deprived of sex with his live-in girlfriend after she was thrown from the bar's mechanical bull. Although it's not unusual for relatives to sue for damages if a loved one is injured, 50-year-old William Ryman's suit is unique because he's neither married nor related to the victim, 35-year-old Patricia Gagnon. Ryman says his girlfriend's spill from the mechanical bull at the K.O. Corral caused him emotional shock and "loss of love, companionship, affection and sexual relations." Gagnon was hospitalized for ten months after the accident, and until recently was completely paralyzed.

Japan's supercompetitive industrial society--with its emphasis on success--is being blamed for a dramatic increase in sexual impotence among young men. One Japanese doctor said that while he dealt with five to ten cases of impotence a year in the 1950s, he now sees as many as 180 cases annually. Seventy percent of those cases are men in their 20s and 30s, the age when they would normally be in their sexual prime. In response to the upswing, Japanese physicians are calling for special centers to deal with sexual inadequacy, and a 150-member "impotence research society" was recently established to study the problem. Composed of urologists, gynecologists and psychologists, the society believes the increase is linked to the Japanese social structure and the pressures it places on young men to succeed.

High-school officials in Bellevue, Nebraska, glued together two pages of an advanced biology textbook that describes specific methods of birth control. Jim Davis, Bellevue's assistant superintendent of schools, said the pages were stuck together because of a ten-year-old policy stating "schools will not . . . prescribe specific methods of birth control to . . . students." Secretaries and teachers did the gluing.

Unreasonable sexual roles have caused sex to become less fun and more work for many Americans, a top psychologist believes. Lonnie Barbach of the University of California says that since women are not expected to be sexual, they become defensive about their sexuality and use it as a tool to manipulate men. On the other hand, Barbach claims, men are presumed to know everything about sex and are expected to be more than willing to share their knowledge. These attitudes "make sex goal-oriented," Barbach says, creating "a split between simple physical interaction and sex." The psychologist thinks partners must discuss their sexual relationships "as seriously as if they were talking about buying a house, sparing few details."

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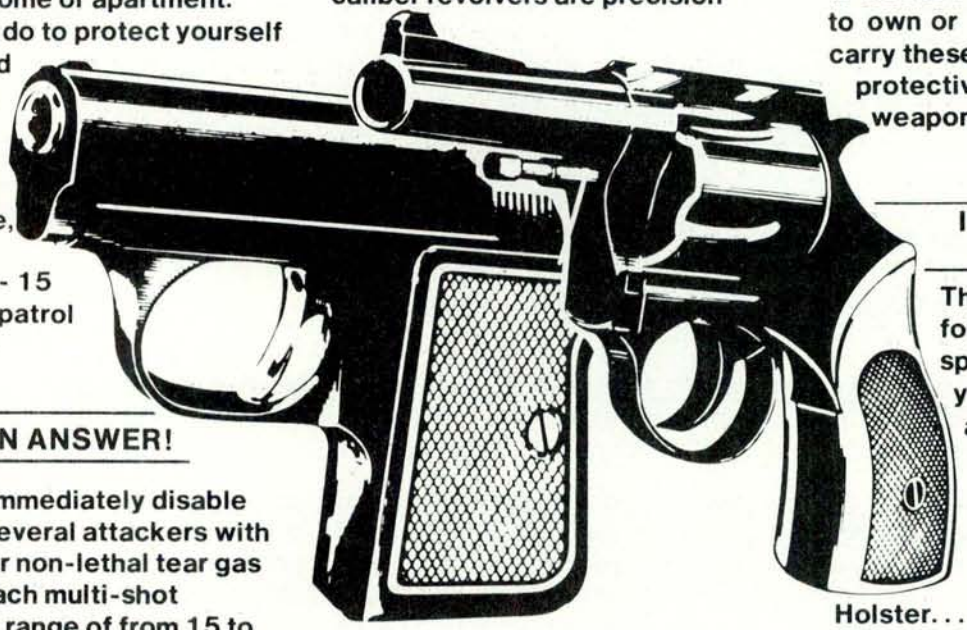

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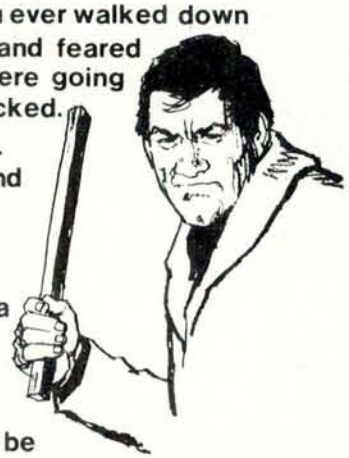

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Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address it to: HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067-3054.

Edited by Stephanie Ross

Shaved Pubes: My husband really gets off when I shave my pubic hair. Recently I've noticed small bumps that look like pimples in the area where I shave. Is this some kind of venereal disease? I'm too embarrassed to go to the doctor. Please help. —D. U.
Mobile, Alabama

You could have folliculitis barbae, an infection of the hair follicle caused by either a bacteria or a virus. More than likely, however, you are suffering from pseudofolliculitis (ingrown hairs). This condition occurs when the hair, instead of growing straight out, curves around and grows back underneath the skin. Since the skin in the pubic area is so sensitive, shaving can irritate it, and ingrown hairs are apt to occur. One way to avoid this happening the next time you shave is to make sure you use a very clean razor blade and a lubricating kind of shaving cream. Moisturize the area often, preferably with an unscented lotion.

The only way to know exactly what the problem is is to see a physician. Doctors are professionals; there's no need for you to be embarrassed.

What Do Men Want? Has anyone done a study on what men really like women to do sexually? I am a 23-year-old newlywed who hasn't had a lot of sexual experience. My husband has been showing me copies of HUSTLER, and it finally dawned on me that I don't know a lot about what men like sexually. What *do* they like? —S. G.
San Francisco, California

Take a look at a copy of Beyond the Male Myth, written by Dr. Anthony P. Pietropinto, medical director at Lutheran Medical Center in Brooklyn, New York. He surveyed more than 4,000 men for his book, and the answer most men gave to your question was that they'd like women to be more active during sex. Oral sex and more touching of the penis were also rated highly.

More than half the men indicated they would like to try new sexual positions. In his study, Dr. Pietropinto found that most men prefer women who feel comfortable initiating sex, who are uninhibited in their enjoyment of sex, who communicate their desires and who are open to variety.

HUSTLER has always taken a clear stand in favor of this type of sexually active, uninhibited woman. HUSTLER, Dr. Pietropinto's book and discussions with your husband should provide all the advice you'll ever need. Most important, just relax around your husband. Communicating sexually is a beautiful act that helps form the basis of lifelong trust and understanding.

Highly Violent: A friend of mine who is a college professor told me a lot of violence goes on among college students in sexual relationships. Is this true? What causes the violence, and how can it be stopped? —H. D.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

The Journal of Family Relationships reported that more than three-fifths of the students surveyed knew someone who had been involved in a "violent sexual relationship." The study defined such behavior as a dating or sexual relationship in which one of the partners had been assaulted by the other. One-fourth of the students reported that they had in fact assaulted or been assaulted by a date or sexual partner.

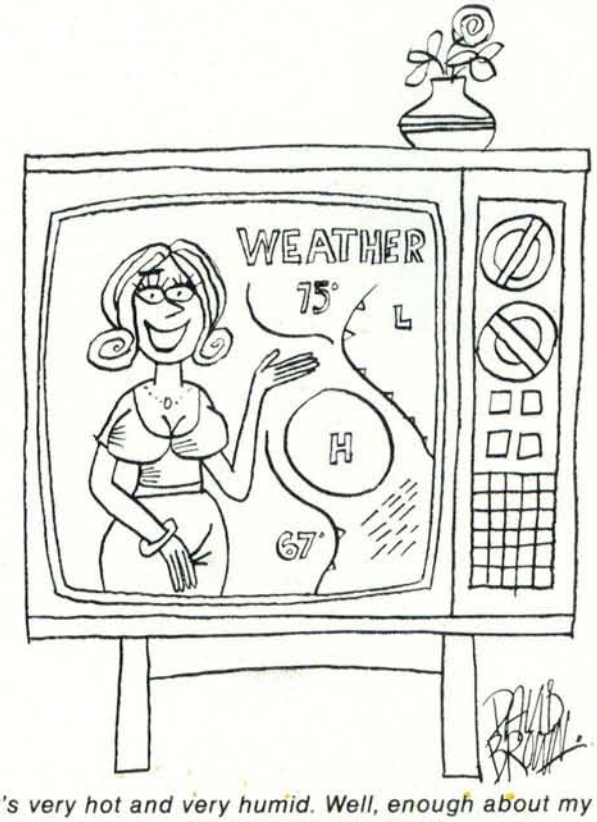
What this study did not clarify is what the students actually felt assault constituted. Is it being grabbed? Having your hair pulled? Being raped? Being tied to a bed and whipped? There is a big difference between having your hair pulled and being raped. The study did not consider these discrepancies. However, this does not take away from the conclusion that many students do not know how to deal with the powerful emotions that can accompany a sexual relationship.

If young people are into too much violent sex, it might be because they were not raised in loving, nonviolent homes in which sexual information was freely available. Just as children who are abused have a tendency to grow up and become child abusers themselves, children raised in sexually violent homes often grow up to be sexually violent adults.

Blackout: Almost every time I have sex with my girlfriend, she blacks out! She tells me that it usually happens right before she comes. What could cause a problem like this? —R. T.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Both physical and mental problems could be causing your girlfriend to black out during intercourse. The situation is very serious, and you should seek medical help immediately. Refrain from having intercourse until a doctor advises you that the disorder is being resolved and it is all right to resume sexual relations.

According to Dr. Benjamin H. Glover Jr., professor of psychiatry at the University of Wisconsin Medical School, your girlfriend's condition could be caused by epilepsy, hypo-



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glycemia, narcolepsy, heart and circulation impairments or respiratory difficulties. She also may be experiencing psychological problems connected with her sexuality.

Have her see a gynecologist right away to determine if the blackouts are caused by physical problems. If they aren't, she should follow up with psychological counseling.

Hunterian Chancre: When I discovered a persistent sore on my cock, I went to the doctor, who said I had "hunterian cancer." He prescribed some medicine, and I received a series of shots. I was told I'd have nothing to worry about if I followed his instructions and abstained from sex for a while. Can cancer be cured with a few shots and some pills?
—F. D.
Atlanta, Georgia

You showed good judgment by going to the doctor so soon after you found the sore on your penis. Once you were there, however, you shouldn't have hesitated to raise questions about all aspects of your problem. In all probability, you misunderstood the diagnosis. It sounds like you have a hunterian chancre, which is a hard sore indicative of the primary stage of syphilis.

The chancre appears from ten to 90 days after contact with the germ. At first the sore is hard, then it bursts and later becomes crusty. This process can take up to three weeks. After four to six weeks the sore heals, whether or not the syphilis has been detected and treated. Syphilis can be completely cured at this point by penicillin treatments. This sounds like what your doctor has prescribed.

Primary syphilis is often difficult to detect because the chancre is painless and can masquerade as a simple cut or ingrown hair. If left untreated, syphilis will move on to a secondary stage. Symptoms at this point can include a rash, sores in the mouth or on the genitals, loss of hair from the scalp or eyebrows, cracks in the folds of the mouth or nose, wartlike genital lesions, swollen glands and fever. Some people will experience a few of these symptoms, others none at all. This period lasts from two to six weeks. Again, penicillin will clear up the disease at this stage and on into the next phase, the latent stage.

During the latent period there are no symptoms, and the bugs can't be passed on to your sexual partners, but the disease will show up in blood tests and can be treated. This stage may last anywhere from a few years to the rest of an infected person's life. However, in some cases the syphilis erupts into the late stage (tertiary syphilis). By this time the disease can be deadly, causing cardiovascular and central-nervous-system disorders and irreversible tissue damage.

Your doctor apparently nipped your syphilis in the bud. Now inform all your sex partners from the last three months so they can be tested for the disease.

Rape & Disease: I was raped about two months ago, and I can't get over the feeling that I've contracted some awful sexual disease. How do I know if I have something or not?
—T. R.
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Any gynecologist can tell you whether you've contracted a sexually transmittable disease. However, your problem right now is more likely to be a psychological one. If you had contracted a disease, you probably would have discovered symptoms by now. In the case of rape, many victims find that they feel "soiled" or "infected" for a long time after the attack. Seek qualified help at a rape-crisis center or a hospital. It will take a lot of work on your part to recover from the damage of rape. Undergo thorough testing with a doctor to help convince yourself you don't have a venereal disease. Then work on your emotional outlook. Don't let one jerk ruin your whole life as a sexual being.

Which Is More Sensitive? I would like to know if the clitoris is more sensitive to the touch than the tip of a man's penis. My girlfriend is always talking about how sensitive a woman's clitoris is, and I'm of the opinion that the head of a man's cock is even more sensitive. Do you know?
—D. L.
Fargo, North Dakota

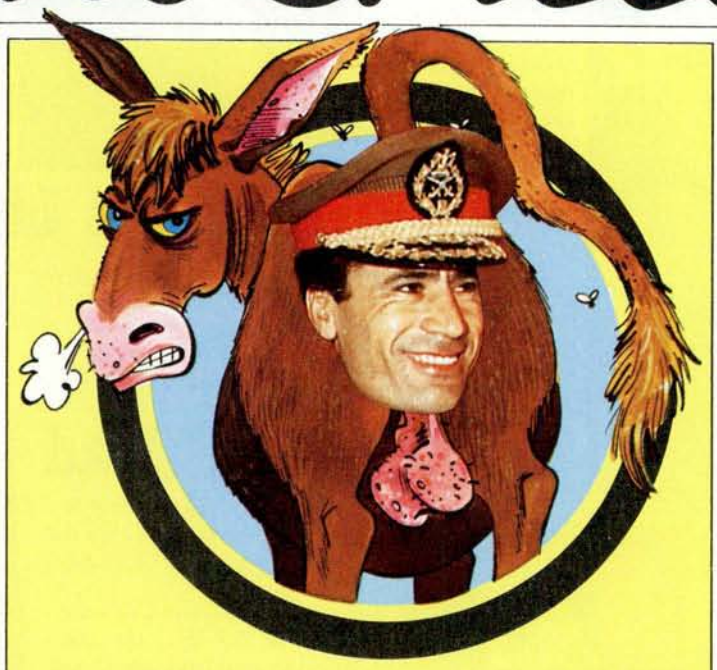
Sensitivity has to be measured on an individual basis. One woman's clitoris may be highly sensitive, while another's needs a lot of heavy-duty action for arousal. The same goes for men's cocks.

Both the clitoris and the glans of the penis are packed with nerve endings. But since the glans of the penis is larger than the glans of the clitoris, it does contain more nerve endings. That could be an argument in favor of the penis being more sensitive. In studies investigating the question the number of nerve endings per square centimeter equaled out. So it is pretty safe to say that both organs are extremely sensitive. Let's stop bickering and start enjoying!

Herpes Help: I recently caught herpes from my girlfriend. The rash cleared up, but she left me. Can I have sex without giving herpes to someone else? Is there any cure at all?
—P. W.
Fullerton, California

Each year more than 250,000 Americans experience the anxiety you're faced with now. They, like you, are having to learn to deal with genital herpes. HUSTLER's June 1981 Advise & Consent discussed acyclovir (Zovirax), a pharmaceutical breakthrough for those suffering from genital herpes. In late 1981, researchers at Johns Hopkins

(continued on page 24)



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Muammar Kaddafi

The media spells the name of Libya's ruthless, irrational dictator in many ways: Kaddafi, Kadaffi, Gadafi, Qadaffi and sometimes Cadafy. But no matter how his name is spelled, there is no question that Colonel Muammar Kaddafi should be *pronounced* HUSTLER's February Asshole of the Month.

The semi-literate son of a nomadic shepherd, Kaddafi vows he will destroy America and anyone who supports the "American devils." No one seems to know exactly why this lunatic camel turd wants to destroy us, but many world leaders fear he just might be able to ignite the fuse that would make the Middle East explode in a nuclear holocaust.

Make no mistake about it: The head of this oil-rich country of 3 million people is out to rub America's face in the dirt. And he's prepared to lead his screaming Muslim fanatics in an all-out war. He has even boasted to his followers that Libya's chief export will be murder and terrorism.

During his 12 years in power, Kaddafi has often made good on that promise. Libyan troops and money have helped stir up bloody revolution in almost 50 nations. He's also set up an international hit team that has targeted for death more than 100 Libyans who tried to escape from his reign of terror.

Last August, when Russian-made jets of the Libyan air force attacked two American F-14s in neutral airspace above the Mediterranean, our fighters swatted them down like mosquitos. In the aftermath of that confrontation the average Joe on the street began asking, "What the hell is Libya?"

Few people realize that Libya's capital is Tripoli—made famous in "from the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli," a part of the Marines' Hymn. President Thomas Jefferson sent Marine forces there in 1803 to protect American shipping interests from piracy. Nothing much has changed in the intervening 179 years—except for the man in charge.

Winston Churchill once said Libya's main contribution to the world was "murder, treachery and sodomy." The late Egyptian president, Anwar Sadat, called Kaddafi "a vicious criminal; 100% sick and possessed of the demon." One disgusting example of this criminal mentality was Kaddafi's reaction to the murder of 11 Israeli athletes at the 1972 Olympics. While the rest of the world wept in shame, Kaddafi gave the terrorists responsible a $5-million prize and a hearty well done.

In a country whose population is more than half-illiterate, Kaddafi monopolizes all the movies, radio and television broadcasts, and the few newspapers. He has given instructions that women whose dresses are too short should have red paint splashed on their legs by his brutal police force. Use of jewelry is severely restricted.

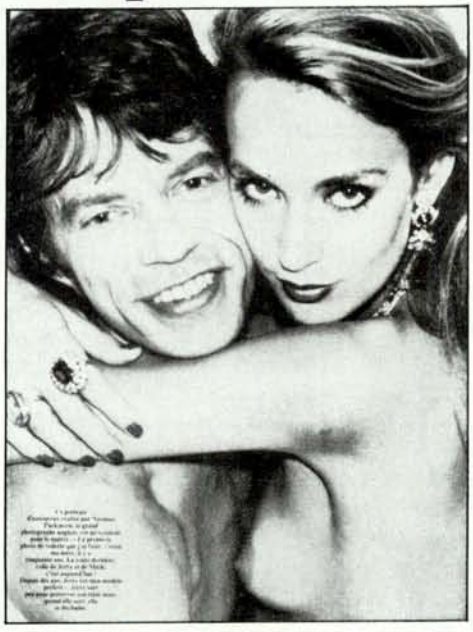
When Kaddafi led the 1969 military coup that toppled the regime of King Idris and left many thousands of peasants dead (or wishing they were), Libya's claim to fame was its vast petroleum deposits. Last year our country bought more than $9 billion worth of oil from Kaddafi and his savage henchmen. Ironically, Libya then turned around and spent more than $3 billion on weapons and equipment supposedly designed to smash the United States and his other enemies.

One recent purchase included more than 20 tons of deadly plastic explosives—enough to blow up the cities of New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Houston, Atlanta and Washington, D.C. What was left over could turn the state of Kansas into a 200-by-400 mile crater 28 feet deep. If you really want to get pissed off, consider that the explosives were sold to Kaddafi by two former American CIA agents.

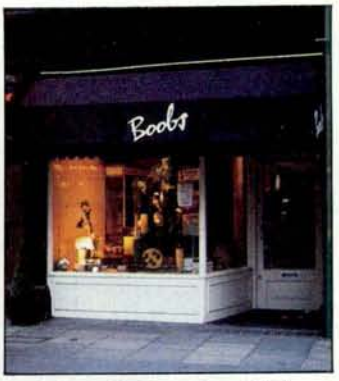
Kaddafi's most irrational and dangerous belief is that *only* a nuclear war can destroy the evil that the United States has spread. To save Libya's ass in such an eventuality, he has purchased (through the same two CIA villains) 100,000 radiation-protection outfits to be used by the colonel's friends and fellow travelers when his holocaust occurs.

There's a damn good chance this madman might push the button that will set off the atomic war all rational humans fear. That's why sane people—including all non-Libyan Muslims who still want to live—must band together and defuse this lunatic before it's too late.

Jumpin' Jack's Flash



It seems like every time you turn around, there's a celebrity nipple peeking out at you. And most often it pops out in an overseas publication. The casual acceptance of nudity in countries like France and Italy seems to ease celebrities' fears of negative public reaction. This shot from *Paris Match* (63, Champs-Elysee, 75008 Paris, France) of Mick Jagger and his current girlfriend, Jerry Hall, is a good example.



Getting a Little Retail

In Europe there are things you can buy that you just can't find here at home. A roving reader took these shots during his travels in England and Belgium, and sent them to make us jealous. We wonder if each store has its own Mr.Whipple to keep shoppers from squeezing the merchandise.

"WE'RE LOOKING FOR A FEW ~~GOOD~~ MEN." LIVE

IRANIAN GOVERNMENT EMPLOYMENT APPLICATION

1. Your religion? (Check one)
___Moslem

2. Previous employment?
___Hostage Guard ___Religious Fanatic
___"Death to America" Chanter (Weekends Only or Full Time)
___Mob Member (Please specify on- or off-camera experience)

3. Did you know or support the Shah?
___No ___Probably Not ___Definitely Not

4. Have you ever danced, sung or had sex for fun?
___No ___Probably Not ___Definitely Not

5. Would you be willing to name Ayatollah Khomeini as your beneficiary?
___Yes

6. Have you entered into any long-term financial agreements that your dependents cannot satisfy in the event you are blown to smithereens?
___Yes ___No

7. Did you complete third grade?
___Yes ___No ___More than once

I hereby attest that all the information given above is true. And if it is not, I understand that I will be put to death.

Your Name

Good Head

Hairstyles may come and hairstyles may go . . . but this one looks like it mostly comes.

This illustration—a variation on Medusa, the man-killing monster of Greek mythology—was rendered by artist Mark Weatherhead for the Rockshots postcard company (51 W. 21st St., New York, NY 10010).

Although the luscious lady's sexy gaze may not have turned us to stone, it did get us hard as a rock. But besides being erotically fascinating, this drawing suggests a brand-new hair problem—beating the "jizzies."

A Nuclear Waste

Remember Bangladesh? Well, if you liked the civil war, the starving children and the hit album, you'll *love* this! That country's leaders intend to buy a nuclear reactor from the U.S. But how can they afford it? Not so long ago they were begging for donations to feed their bloat-bellied kids. If they think we're gonna chip in for a reactor, they are mistaken. Who needs hungry kids who glow in the dark?

Say "Fish"

You can always tell a bad loser. It shows in her face. This frustrated lady was a contestant in the Ms. Nude World Pageant held at Dick Drost's Naked City nudist resort in Indiana. If she had tried this pose during the talent competition, maybe she'd have done better.

Crucifying Tourism

Nailing a native was always one of the highlights of an island vacation. But when the natives nail themselves . . . that's not so good.

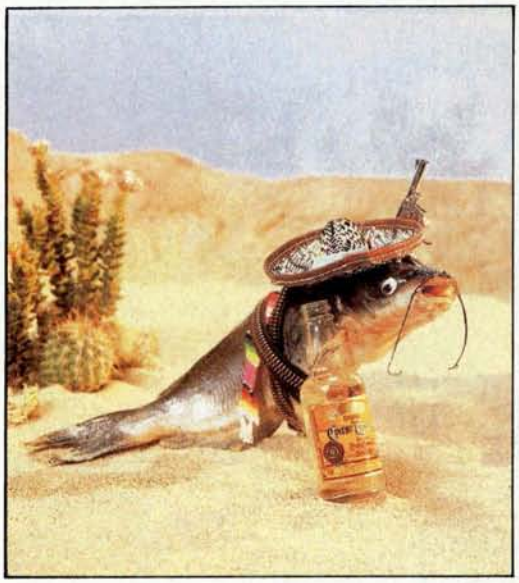
Church leaders in the Philippines are upset over the increasing number of citizens who crucify themselves on Good Friday. Self-crucifixion—often done to reenact the trials of Christ—is practiced even in the U.S., by a New Mexico cult, the Penitentes. Philippine Archbishop Oscar Cruz is particularly cross because he feels some crucifixions are being performed to promote tourism rather than as religious ritual.

Sculptures to Live By

Can't decide what to buy the little lady for her birthday? How about these ceramic sculptures? They're sure to add life to that bedroom nightstand and may even give your partner some ideas. The items are called (clockwise) "The Swingers," "The Lovers" and "The Office Party." They're $29.95 each (plus $2 postage) from Baron Industries Inc. (9514-9 Reseda Blvd., Suite 611, Northridge, CA 91324).

There's a Hare in My Food!

Next time your child says, "Daddy, buy me a bunny," the kid may be ordering lunch. Rabbits, we hear, can yield *more pounds of meat per year than a cow*; a mama rabbit gives birth to enough offspring in a year to produce 486 pounds of meat. You rarely get that much off a year-old head of beef. And with beef consumption down, fast-food chains may jump at this new menu item. But who will we say hides those colored eggs each spring—the Easter Burger?

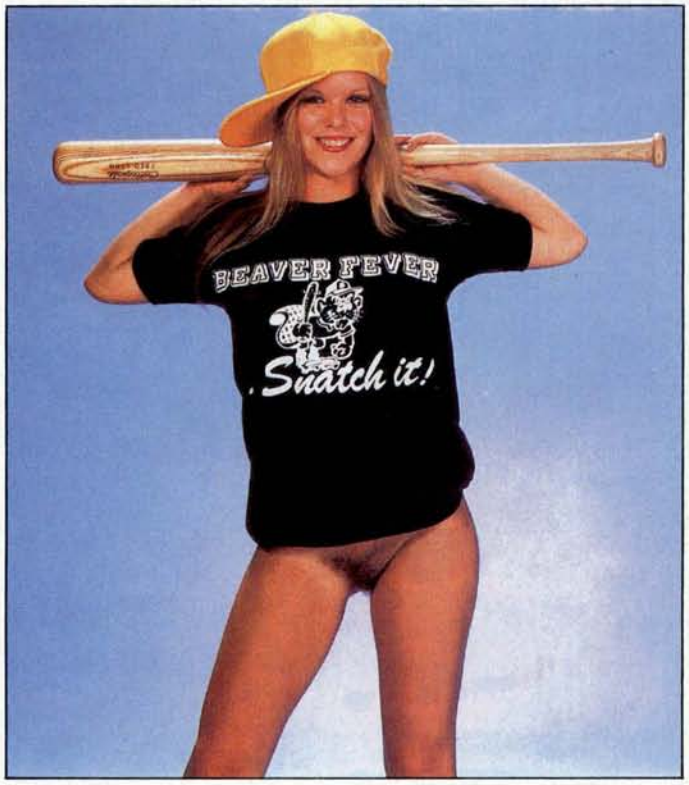


Drinking Like a Fish

Worried about how your hard-earned tax dollars are spent? Well, check *this* out! The National Institute for Alcoholism and Alcohol Abuse dished out $102,000 to determine whether fish that drink tequila are more aggressive than fish that drink gin. We think the National Institute for Alcoholism should be looked into by the National Institute of Mental Health.

A Pit You Can Eat

"Coitus in axilla" is defined as "inserting the penis in your lover's armpit." We found this pit-fucker's dream in the crazy French humor mag *Hara-Kiri* (10, rue des Trois-Portes, 75005 Paris, France).



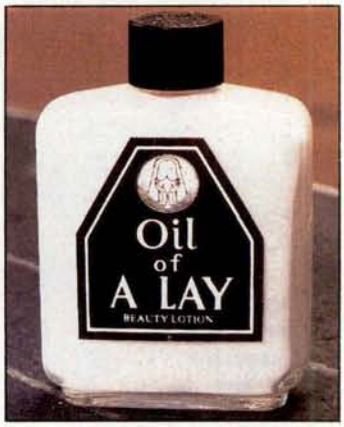
Playing the Field

The Portland Beavers aren't girls who you'll find hanging around the bars in Portland, Oregon. They're a Triple-A farm club for the Pittsburgh Pirates baseball team. A couple of the players got together and decided to produce these T-shirts with a very familiar-looking creature on the front . . . so how could we resist the opportunity to give them a plug?

The shirts, which come in red or black, go for $7 plus 50¢ postage from Beaver Fever (P.O. Box 30, Hasbrouck Heights, NJ 07604). Any Beaver who can handle a fast ball is okay by us.

Just Splash It On

Researchers say that cum may be good for the complexion. It seems that some of the hormones, proteins and other components of semen could be beneficial to the skin. But think of the manpower needed to produce a lotion like this—and each bottle would have to carry a unique warning: "Not to be used internally . . . especially by women of childbearing age."



Tax After Attacks

Whoever said that "nothing is certain but death and taxes" probably worked for the IRS. The agency has reportedly given its employees guidelines on how to resume assessing and collecting taxes some 30 days after a nuclear attack. Who'll be left to pay taxes? And for what? It's tough enough to worry about bomb shelters; now we have to worry about *tax* shelters too!

Nice Girls Do!

Toilet freaks everywhere, rejoice! Your fetish is finally coming out of the water closet. This photo is from a fashion layout in October 1981's *Mademoiselle* (350 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10017). It shows once again that American women's magazines are following the lead of their European cousins and moving into more exotic—and erotic—territory. Hope she remembers to leave the lid up.

Come Into My Web

There are some problems that A-200 Pyrinate just can't handle. Actually, pet tarantulas are quite harmless, and this reader's photo shows how close some people get to their furry friends. Looks like just the right place to draw flies.

Deadly Vitamins

Research has shown that vitamins can cause severe damage or even kill if taken in improperly high doses. Because they're so readily available, we forget that vitamins are drugs. Too much vitamin A can cause vomiting, hair loss, liver enlargement and nervous-system disorders. Excesses of E can result in hemorrhaging, and an overdose of D can lead to hardening of the heart, lungs, kidneys and blood vessels—eventually causing death. So take only the amounts listed on the labels or recommended by your doctor.

Open for Business

We have to wonder about the kind of advertising minds that came up with the concept behind the campaign for Levi's "Bend Over" pants. If the name isn't suggestive enough, look at the slogan in its ad (far right). That could be an instruction from *The Joy of Sex*.

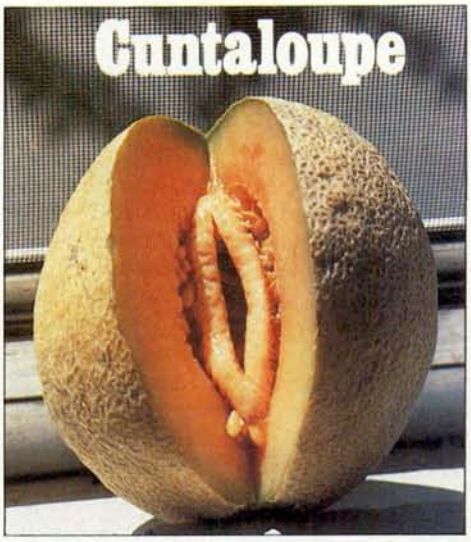
Our version (right) shows what could be done if the ad matched the concept. Our pants make bending over not only comfortable, but a whole lot more fun!

Help for the Disabled

HUSTLER has always felt that the physically handicapped should be able to participate in every aspect of society . . . flashing included. But how can an exhibitionist without any arms get his trench coat open to expose himself? HUSTLER has now come to the disabled flasher's rescue with the no-handy, dandy new Flash-O-Matic! Just wait for some Good Samaritan with a pretty face to come along; hang out your sign, and *voila!* . . . it's peekaboo time!

For the especially daring, the set comes with a duplicate sign you can hang on your cock. Change yourself into a guy with a lot of pull and have some "armless" fun!

Cuntaloupe

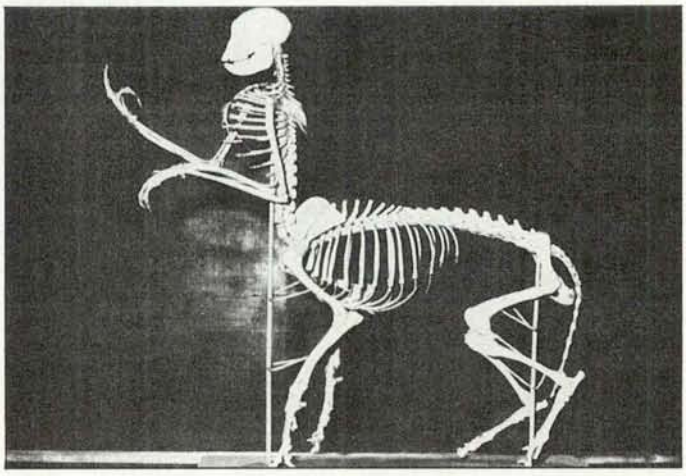


Quick, what's the first thing you think of when you look at this picture? If you're one of those who said "a ripe fruit"—go have your head checked.

Just consider how fortunate the HUSTLER reader who took this snapshot is. Not only does his partner here have a big, juicy opening, but she's got terrific melons as well!

What's Wrong Here?

We'll give you a clue: Very few horses can give the finger. This centaurlike (half-man, half-horse) skeleton was a Cambridge University Veterinary Society gag made by joining the upper torso of a monkey to the headless body of a dog.



10 MOST WANTED WOMEN

If you've ever wanted to see a celebrity snatch, here's your chance to do something about it. All you've got to do is send in your selection for Celebrity Muff of the Year. Then HUSTLER will offer 1 million bucks to any of the top ten vote-getters who'll agree to pose HUSTLER-style for us showing pink. The results will be announced in our September 1982 issue; so get your votes in now! The deadline for all nominations is March 25, 1982. With celebrities looking for more and more exposure, this could be the year we get a taker!

I nominate _____
as Celebrity Muff of the Year

Mail to: Celebrity Muffs, *Bits & Pieces*, c/o HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Give Me a Hand

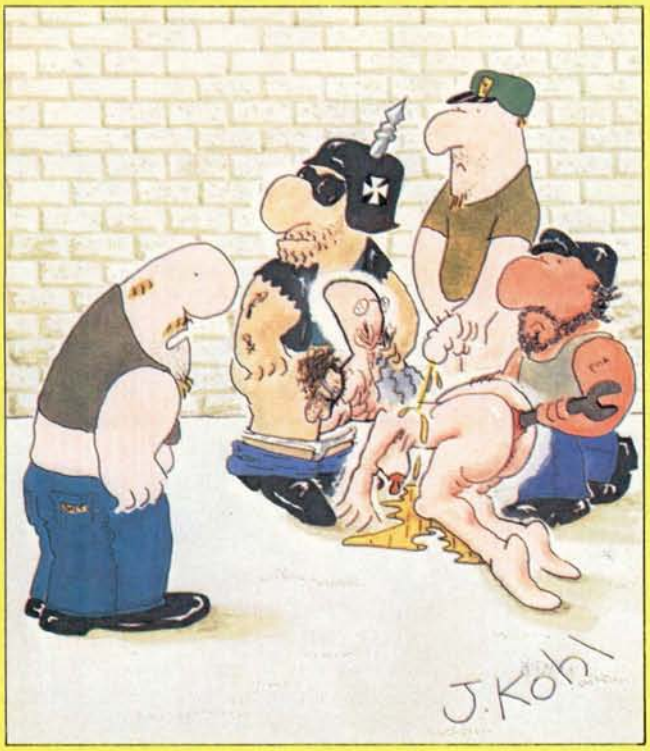
Here we see doctors trying desperately to save the world's first luggage transplant. Unable to find a complete donor, the surgeons settled for connecting a leather overnight case to a severed arm. "If nothing else," a researcher said, "we hope to find a cure for confusion in airport baggage areas by creating a suitcase that can wave to you."

First-Family Portrait

The quality and technique of Alfred Gescheidt's humorously retouched photos never cease to amaze us. The detail, the smooth use of the airbrush, the clarity—his supreme mastery of all these elements produces effects that are absolutely astounding. See how *young* Nancy looks?

The photo is available as a poster from Starmakers Poster Corp. (435 Hudson St., New York, NY 10014) for $2 plus $1 postage.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"I hate to spoil the fun, guys, but I gotta get Mother back to the home by three."

Contact!

This reader-submitted Hungarian stamp gives us a good idea why that country doesn't lead the world in aviation technology. What a lousy place for a propellor. If that guy isn't careful when he whacks off, he'll *really* whack off!

HUSTLER Update

PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT: "MADNESS IS NO EXCUSE"
June '81

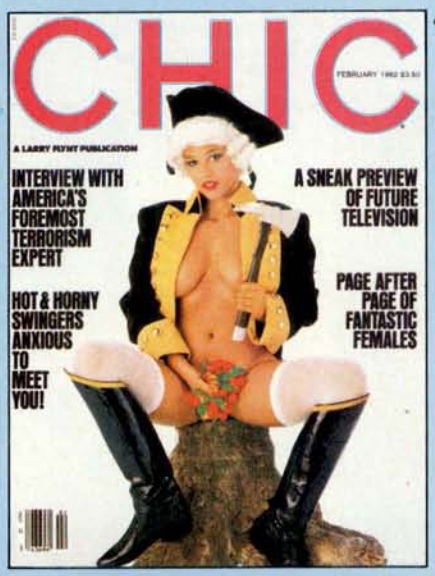
Larry Flynt's *Publisher's Statement* told how high-priced attorneys and psychiatrists are making a mockery of justice by using the "diminished mental capacity" defense to get cold-blooded killers off the hook. One case Flynt cited was that of former San Francisco Supervisor Dan White, who killed Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk, then claimed in his defense that his madness was caused by eating too many Twinkies. California has since repealed the kind of diminished-capacity defense employed by White's lawyers. Psychiatric testimony is now being regarded no more authoritatively than any other witness testimony in California trials.

GEORGE JONES
May '80

Our profile told how Jones, widely considered country music's greatest living singer, suffered as his career hit the skids because of heavy drinking, missed concerts, money mismanagement and an incident in which he fired a pistol at his onetime songwriting partner. Recently the Country Music Association, at its 15th annual awards show in Nashville, named Jones its male vocalist of the year for the second straight time. Jones' comeback was reportedly attributed to his hospital treatment for alcoholism and to the strong moral support of old friends like Waylon Jennings and Johnny Cash.

Contributors

HUSTLER pays $150 for Bits & Pieces items. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to material accepted for publication, but we will return art on request (enclose SASE). For February, $150 and thanks to Ron Bullock, Louis Cardona, Charles Clausen, Robert B. Hawkins, Eugene Panczenko and James Lee Soffer.



THIS MONTH IN CHIC®

FEBRUARY ISSUE ON SALE NOW

KEN SLONSKI: AMERICA'S FOREMOST TERRORIST EXPERT—Former police Special Weapons and Tactics Sergeant Ken Slonski has spent his career learning the means and methods of international hoodlums. He is an authority on self-defense, arms, and counterterrorist strategy. Now, as preparations are finalized for the 1984 Summer Olympic Games in Los Angeles, he is a concerned and fearful man. Slonski believes America is about to fall prey to the bombs and guns of militant revolutionaries whose targets may be politicians, athletes or *you*. Ted Schwarz examines the man and his message in a thought-provoking profile.

THE WEB—She is mysterious and alluring from the moment she enters the tavern where Lafe tends bar. Her interest in the spider tattoo on his arm surprises him, since it has never been more than a source of jokes to his regular customers. She is talkative, yet somehow veiled in secrets, and her planned seduction of him is obvious to Lafe from the start. There is something about her, something almost depraved, that makes him wary. Intricate, suspenseful and highly sensuous fiction from the pen of J. Paul Jacks.

TV OF THE FUTURE—With the advent of superminiaturized components and innovative transmission techniques, the family's TV a few years from now will be at least five-feet wide—yet thin enough to hang on the wall like a painting. The viewer will select programs from dozens of cable and pay-TV networks, featuring everything from department-store catalogs to porn movies. As a result, tomorrow's audience may well be a society of hermits, engaging the world through an electronic window. Raymond M. Dryden scans the video horizon and finds both bold new concepts and a disturbing picture of Orwellian possibilities.

PLUS—A panorama of bizarre wit in ODDS & ENDS, a mini-interview with former *Dynasty* star Bo Hopkins in CLOSE-UP, and another stimulating spectrum of the best women in the world.

ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 16)

University, the University of Minnesota and Stanford University reported impressive results in clinical studies of acyclovir. This extraordinary medication should be available to herpes sufferers early in 1982. See a doctor for a prescription.

In the meantime, you should know that you can have sex, but that it would be a good idea to wait and check with your doctor first. Sometimes you can pass on herpes without even being aware you have an active sore.

You may also want to contact the folks at Herpetics Engaged in Living Productively (P.O. Box 100, Palo Alto, CA 94302). HELP's brochures will provide answers to all your questions.

Early Starter: I'm the father of a 12-year-old boy, and I recently found him looking through one of my men's magazines. I hate to be a hypocrite and jerk it away, since I'm a big fan of adult publications myself. But I also have some doubts about his ability to handle the material. What should a parent do in such a case? —J. K.
Brooklyn, New York

Men's magazines are not sold to people under the age of 18 in this country, and publications like HUSTLER are not for adolescent sensibilities. The humor, articles and photospreads are aimed at adult minds. For this reason, we think it is time to sit down with your son and have a talk. Many sexual experts also agree that finding a child examining sexual materials can provide a great opportunity for sexual discussion.

Kids are very curious about sex, and they need a great deal of accurate information. The best thing to do is react calmly and start talking with your son about his feelings and questions regarding sexuality. He may not be ready to handle adult material, but he is giving you a sign that he is ready for discussion.

Sex Surrogate: I have been confined to a wheelchair my whole life, and I feel inadequate sexually. Ever since I read your *Sex Play* on sex surrogates (November 1981), I've been trying to find one. Can you help me? —J. B.
Jackson, Mississippi

Most licensed surrogates belong to the International Professional Surrogates Association (IPSA). Call 213-469-4720 or write IPSA, P.O. Box 74156, Los Angeles, CA 90004. The association can refer you to a therapist and surrogate in your area. Or you can contact the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists (AASECT) at 600 Maryland Ave. SW, Washington, DC 20024. For $5 AASECT will send a book listing qualified therapists nationwide.

"Joyce, you make a fella glad to come home from work!"

Experts Say ...

You Really Can Get Girls Through Hypnotism!

If You Live To Be 100 — You'll Never Find An Easier Way To Get Girls ... Believe It Or Not — It's True!!!

NEW YORK — Their company name is Silverman Research of Prov., R.I. — And they claim to have a new, modern way of getting girls.

It's called S/A Hypnotism. And they say that thousands of men like yourself have already begun to use this easy-to-master principle to meet, date and even seduce girls.

They go on to claim that S/A Hypnotism works like nothing you've ever seen before. And they even offer to prove it to you.

They promise to show you exactly how to use this principle to meet more beautiful girls than you ever dreamed possible.

And they go on to say that it doesn't matter how many times you've failed with girls before. Nor does it matter why you failed.

To use their words: "That's all in the past now."

When we saw their ad on this new way of getting girls, we decided to take a closer look and find out for ourselves whether or not S/A Hypnotism really did work.

So that's exactly what we did. We investigated the situation completely.

And we can now say that our findings show that their method does indeed work.

Below is a copy of the original Silverman ad. If you're interested in learning how to get girls through hypnotism, it may be worth your while to read it.

(Reprinted By Permission)

GIRLS WILL BE NATURALLY ATTRACTED TO YOU

When you begin to use *S/A Hypnotism*, you will have *one of the most powerful forces known to man* working for you. Most girls will see you as a man who they'd like to get to know better ... much better. Many will be instantly attracted to you. Some will simply not be able to resist you.

Don't get us wrong. We're not going to give you any magical or super-natural powers.

All we are going to do is teach you how to use a highly effective, little-known principle — a principle that is available to any man who is willing to make the small effort required to learn it.

R. C., Mich., says: *"I tried every trick I knew to meet girls. But I seldom succeeded.*

I used just about every pick-up technique ever invented. And I still came up empty-handed.

I was quite lonely – to say the least.

Then I heard about S/A Hypnotism.

I'll admit ... I had my doubts at first. But I took a chance and gave it a try. I had nothing to lose.

Well, I'll tell you ... It didn't take me long to see that I had stumbled onto something big. Really big!

Within just 4 or 5 days, I was meeting more beautiful girls than I knew what to do with.

I started making dates with more girls than I really had time for.

But that's nothing. You should see some of the sexy girls who were actually eager to sleep with me!

Honestly, I haven't had this much fun in years. Thanks to S/A Hypnotism!"

And now, you too, can learn to use *S/A Hypnotism* to meet, date and even *seduce* beautiful girls.

In a matter of days, you too, will be able to walk up to a girl (any girl), and within seconds, have her name, address and phone number.

And that will only be the beginning. Because from that point on, she will agree with practically anything you suggest (within reason).

That's the kind of power *S/A Hypnotism* will give you. It puts you "in control" at all times.

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Now maybe this sounds like a bunch of "mumbo-jumbo" to you. If so — let us suggest this:

Put your doubts aside for awhile and give yourself a chance.

Notice we said "give yourself" a chance.

This principle works ... and all the doubts in the world won't change that. But if you let your doubts get in your way — and you don't at least give it a try — you'll be selling yourself short and robbing yourself of the success with girls you want so badly.

You don't need any special education or talent to learn *S/A Hypnotism*. There are no complicated courses to take.

Simply follow the steps in our easy-to-read, easy-to-understand book called ... *The Easy Way To Get Girls; Through S/A Hypnotism.*

Read the book through just two or three times (with a reasonable amount of concentration) ... and you'll be well on your way to getting all the beautiful girls you ever wanted.

And remember — it doesn't matter what you look like or how old you are. These things mean nothing when you use *S/A Hypnotism*.

MOST UNUSUAL GUARANTEE IN HISTORY OF ADVERTISING

S/A Hypnotism is working for thousands of men — and it will work for you. We guarantee it.

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Try out the principle of *S/A Hypnotism* for a month. Then ... if you haven't met, dated and even *slept* with more beautiful girls in those four weeks than you have in the past year, return the material. We'll rush you a full refund *and more*.

We will send you:

- 10 dollars (the original amount you paid for our material)

Plus:

- 18¢ (the cost of the stamp you used to send us your order)
- 2¢ (the cost of the envelope you sent your order in)
- 5¢ (for the time it took you to fill out the coupon)
- 10¢ (for your trouble)

Think about that for a second.

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Every man who is popular with girls has his own special technique he uses to get them. If you are lucky enough to be one of these successful gentlemen, you don't need us or S/A Hypnotism.

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NOTE: We have checked with the people at Silverman Research and have learned that their book on S/A Hypnotism is still available (with complete refund guarantee). You may order a copy if you wish.

MIROBAR BOOKS, DEPT. HU 282
404 PARK AVENUE SOUTH
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

Sounds almost too good to be true — but you've got a deal. What have I got to lose? Here's my 10 dollars. Send me *The Easy Way To Get Girls; Through S/A Hypnotism.*

After trying your material for a month, I must be meeting, dating, and even sleeping with more girls than I have in the past year. Or I may return the material for a full refund *and more*.

I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper. Code 00034

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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Glenn Hunter

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

Raven Turner and John Leslie have a ball together in 'Nothing to Hide.'

Nothing to Hide

Fully Erect. Produced by Bernardo Spinelli; directed by Anthony Spinelli; written by Michael Ellis; starring John Leslie, Richard Pacheco, Chelsea Manchester, Erica Boyer, Raven Turner and Misty Regan.

Most sequels to successful movies fall short of the originals, but director Anthony Spinelli's follow-up to *Talk Dirty to Me* is a happy exception to that rule. *Nothing to Hide* is an erotic, dramatic masterpiece that will make you laugh, cry and, in general, feel good all over.

For those who missed *Talk Dirty to Me*, a little recap is in order. Sharing best-picture honors at last year's Adult Film Association of America awards ceremony, *Talk Dirty* tells the story of two inseparable friends who are unalike in everything but their desire to get laid. John Leslie plays the superstud who never fails; Richard Pacheco is Leslie's simpleminded sidekick who can never succeed.

Chelsea Manchester, John Leslie, Richard Pacheco in 'Hide's' finale.

At the opening of *Nothing to Hide* it appears as if Leslie and Pacheco's roles in life are carved in stone. Leslie's still the lover; Pacheco's still the loser. In the first scene, Leslie services a horny housewife while Pacheco stands lookout in case her husband returns—which he does. The cool Romeo dives out the window just as hubby walks in the door.

The episode gives Leslie an opportunity to lecture his thick friend on the facts of life. "Women are full of shit," he says. "They're always playin' games." There is no *permanence* when it comes to love and sex, Leslie implies, nothing lasting. To demonstrate the point, he approaches a buxom young woman (Erica Boyer) reading a book in the park. With the simple question "Wanna fuck?" Leslie scores again, and Pacheco is left to his fantasies.

Unlike other occasions when he has waited patiently for Leslie to finish his diddling, this time Pacheco stumbles upon a girl who's a perfect match (Chelsea Manchester). The first of Cupid's arrows begins to fly. Pacheco doesn't realize he's been smitten just yet, and continues to plead with Leslie to pass along some of his conquests. But after encountering Manchester once more, Pacheco begins to drift from Leslie's influence as true romance takes hold.

Nothing to Hide is a love story on two levels. The first describes the truly touching relationship that develops between Pacheco and Manchester. The second deals with the fraternal, almost-paternal love Leslie has for Pacheco. For Leslie, who has denounced love as a game for suckers only, it's not easy coming to grips with his buddy's impending marriage, or with the realization that he'll soon lose Pacheco's companionship.

By film's end, however, everyone seems genuinely happy. The loser has found love; the lover seems finally to understand; and the director has another hit on his hands.

This latest flick is vintage Anthony Spinelli: entertaining, moving and *hot!* Go see *Nothing to Hide*. You've got nothing to lose. —*Jim Heinisch*

Nightdreams

Fully Erect. Produced by Rinse Dream; directed by F. X. Pope; written by Herbert W. Day and Rinse Dream; starring Dorothy LeMay, Loni Sanders, Jennifer West, Monique, Danielle, Kevin Jay, Andy Nichols, Pez D. Spencer, Ken Starbuck and Fast Steppin' Freddie.

What would it be like if those bizarre fantasy photo-sets published in HUSTLER and CHIC one day sprang to life? The answer is *Nightdreams*, a dynamic and daring production that is the most creative film to hit adult theaters in the past decade.

Nightdreams stands out from the pack for a couple of reasons. First of all, F. X. Pope's superb cinematography makes for lavish images that almost literally flash off the screen. In addition, the producers threw out the notion that adult movies must

Dorothy LeMay of 'Nightdreams' has a private moment in the head.

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

FULLY ERECT	Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction.
THREE-QUARTERS ERECT	Good. A well-made film that's guaranteed to please.
HALF ERECT	So-so. This may get you off, but it's limited in technique.
ONE-QUARTER ERECT	Poor. Don't expect much, and you won't be disappointed.
TOTALLY LIMP	A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs.

Monique, Danielle and LeMay prepare for action in 'Nightdreams.'

follow a certain formula to be assured of success. This innovative attitude is maintained through every aspect of the flick, from set design to costuming to casting.

Nightdreams takes us on an erotic, highly stylized odyssey as a woman (Dorothy LeMay) undergoing intense psychiatric observation explores the deepest and darkest recesses of her sexuality. By the time this mind-boggling fantasy trip is over, though, you'll be hard-pressed to tell the shrinks from the patient.

As the film opens, we find LeMay writhing in preorgasmic frenzy on the floor of an isolation booth, closely watched by her therapists (Jennifer West and Andy Nichols) through a one-way glass. "I know you're watching me," the patient hisses, and *Nightdream*'s tone is set. Not only the doctors observe LeMay as her fantasies are revealed; we all do.

In one, LeMay appears as a sexy cowpoke—a dildo in a holster strapped to her waist—who's about to have it out with two beauties played by newcomers Danielle and Monique. The fiery, three-way lesbian scene that follows is enough to make even a confirmed city slicker put on spurs and head for the prairie.

In another hot segment a demon in hell bemoans the Moral Majority as he puts LeMay and the luscious Loni Sanders through their erotic paces. There's lots more too, including a Cream of Wheat box (played by Fast Steppin' Freddie) that comes to life and gets a blowjob. In this scene, LeMay demonstrates that the best way to start the day is to get something hot, white and creamy in her stomach.

For some viewers this Fellini-like, avant-garde approach to adult films may be a little too much—so be prepared. After a preview screening in New York the critics couldn't decide if the producers of *Nightdreams* should be congratulated or committed. Perhaps both would be in order. There was a consensus about one thing, however: *Nightdreams* is an unforgettable experience. —*J. H.*

'Nightdreams': Andy Nichols, Jennifer West play a pair of shrinks.

LeMay shakes it for 'Nightdreams' sheikhs Kevin Jay and Ken Starbuck.

The Filthy Rich

Half Erect. Produced by Swedish Erotica; directed by Michael Zen; written by Fletcher Austin; starring Samantha Fox, Jesie St. James, Vanessa Del Rio, Lisa DeLeeuw, Jack Wrangler, Hubert Savage, Randy West, R. J. Reynolds, George Payne and Danny Hazelwood.

Its producers are calling this campy flick a "24-karat dirty movie"—a "gourmet banquet of erotic delights" that will "change your eating habits forever." Don't believe it. Marked by cliche characters, cliche sets and a plot *Gilligan's Island* would have rejected as too dumb, *The Filthy Rich* is more like a dime-store trinket and a sandwich made with Spam and cheese. The film's mediocrity is all the more disappointing because it stars four of the most accomplished actresses in porn.

Filthy's story, such as it is, revolves around the goings and comings of two couples living in an elegant mansion—one of those gaudy, Victorian-style places that almost make you long for the days when blue movies were shot in $5 motel rooms.

It seems the couple who own the place (Jack Wrangler and Samantha Fox) have a minimal sex life owing to Samantha's inability to achieve orgasm. By contrast, a pair of upstairs servants (Hubert Savage and Jesie St. James) can't keep their hands—or anything else—off each other. Envious of the hired help, the master and his lady decide to take off for a sex-therapy re- treat they've

'Filthy Rich's' Hubert Savage services Slavon Lady Lisa DeLeeuw.

seen on TV's *69 Minutes*. In their absence, Savage and St. James trade their uniforms for the rich folks' duds. And that's when all the ho-hum fun begins.

In a role she's played countless times, Vanessa Del Rio arrives at the mansion with an exaggerated Latin accent and a hat that looks like a bowl of fruit salad. She's a replacement cook whose spiciest dish is between her legs. Next, Lisa DeLeeuw enters wearing a burgundy cowgirl outfit. She's the door-to-door Slavon Lady, hawking a bagful of marital aids like Spanish fly in a flavor called Statutory Grape. After the pool boy (Randy West) lets St. James extend his hose, two leather-clad thugs burst in, ravish Del Rio and tie everybody up. Not to worry though: Fox and Wrangler return just in time to save the day . . . but not the movie.

Nevertheless, *Filthy Rich* has a couple of commendable segments. The hottest is set in the mansion's dimly lit kitchen, where Savage and Del Rio take

turns eating each other. St. James, meanwhile, is masturbating upstairs with the handle of a gold-plated mirror. There's also an entertaining interlude at Lodestone, the sex hideaway where Fox finally learns to come. In a neat gibe at Werner Erhard's real-life est program, the encounter group's fuehrer (Danny Hazelwood as Weiner Garhard) harangues his followers beneath a banner reading, "Assholes—Share Your Space."

Unfortunately, *Filthy*'s prevailing tone is best illustrated by the closing scene. After one of the players announces preparations for a "simple little dinner," the camera reveals a sumptuous feast with all the actors dressed in outrageously elaborate costumes. As the cartoon rooster used to say, "That's a joke, Son."

Photographed slickly by Paul Vatelli (despite sloppy editing that leaves a boom mike intruding in one shot), *The Filthy Rich* shares a major problem with many adult films nowadays. Simply put: The audience has grown too savvy to swallow just another load of the same old shit. —*G. H.*

Vanessa Del Rio offers a special kind of chef's salad in 'Filthy Rich.'

Aunt Peg's Fulfillment

Half Erect. Produced by Arthur Cutter; directed and written by Wes Brown; starring Juliet Anderson, Suzy Reynolds, Joanne McCray, Sharon Maiberg, Ann Janzs, John Leslie, Richard Pacheco, John Holmes and Bob Sherman.

The enticing Juliet Anderson does for onscreen sex what the Boston Tea Party did for America: She's a one-woman Revolution. She's able to initiate and deliver some of the most intimate and explosive lovemaking ever put on film. In fact, there are times you feel almost embarrassed watching her. It's as if you'd just opened the door to her bedroom to see what's the matter, only to discover that everything is more than all right.

Despite Anderson's enormous talent, her latest movie, *Aunt Peg's Fulfillment*, is a yawning disappointment. True, as the ever-horny Aunt Peg of the title, the actress does exhibit her extensive repertoire of sexual tricks. But the film's mindless format will have even the biggest Anderson fan yearning to see more of her—in another flick!

Aunt Peg's Fulfillment is a continuation of the moderately successful *Aunt Peg* series, in which Anderson plays Hollywood's "hottest female producer." In this episode we find her well up to sweaty form, throwing everyone from lovely Sharon Maiberg to Johnny Keyes (the black stud of *Green Door* fame) onto the proverbial casting couch. Anderson's appetite is not limited to potential stars or office help though. She also takes on a young writer, a stagehand and her interior decorator (John Leslie), and instigates a torrid three-way with her niece (Suzy Reynolds) and an old friend (John Holmes).

Juliet Anderson gets as well as gives in 'Aunt Peg's Fulfillment.'

By the end of the film the message is clear: If it moves, Anderson will fuck it. If it doesn't, she'll use it as a prop!

No matter how hot the sex—or how much sex there is—it takes more than fucking and sucking to make a worthwhile picture. What *Aunt Peg's Fulfillment* lacks is the one element necessary to hold our interest: a storyline. The flick is really nothing more than a series of disjointed sex scenes. In fact, some of them have been lifted directly from the earlier *Aunt Peg* movies, causing a disconcertingly jarring contrast in film quality and production values from scene to scene.

Aunt Peg's Fulfillment is a throwback to the days when not much was demanded of adult-film makers, and even less was delivered. If all you want is a jerkoff film featuring some sleazy sex and lots of cornball situations, by all means see this movie. If you're looking for a little more, however, you may want to pass. —*J. H.*

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

A Girl's Best Friend
Amanda by Night
Blonde Ambition
Indecent Exposure
Justine: A Matter of Innocence
Neon Nights
Outlaw Ladies
Pandora's Mirror
Talk Dirty to Me
The Best of Gail Palmer
The Dancers
The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue
Wicked Sensations

Three-Quarters Erect

Ball Game
Delicious
Extreme Close-up
Garage Girls
Girls U.S.A.
High School Memories
Inside Seka
Same Time Every Year
Sex Boat
Taboo
The Tale of Tiffany Lust
Urban Cowgirls

Half Erect

Afternoon Delights
Blue Magic
Centerfold Fever
Extremes
Flash
Manhattan Mistress
Skin on Skin
Sunny
The Tiffany Minx
Vista Valley P.T.A.
Woman in Love

One-Quarter Erect

Silky
Sweet Cheeks
Tinseltown

Totally Limp

Honey Throat
Hot Dallas Nights
Naughty Network
Starship Eros

BOOKS

Reviewed by Theodore Sturgeon

In the Belly of the Beast

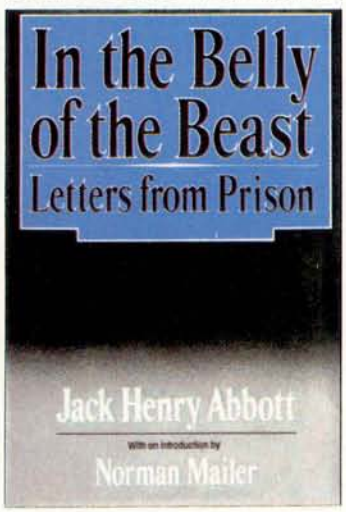
By Jack Henry Abbott; Random House, 201 E. 50th St., New York, NY 10022; $11.95.

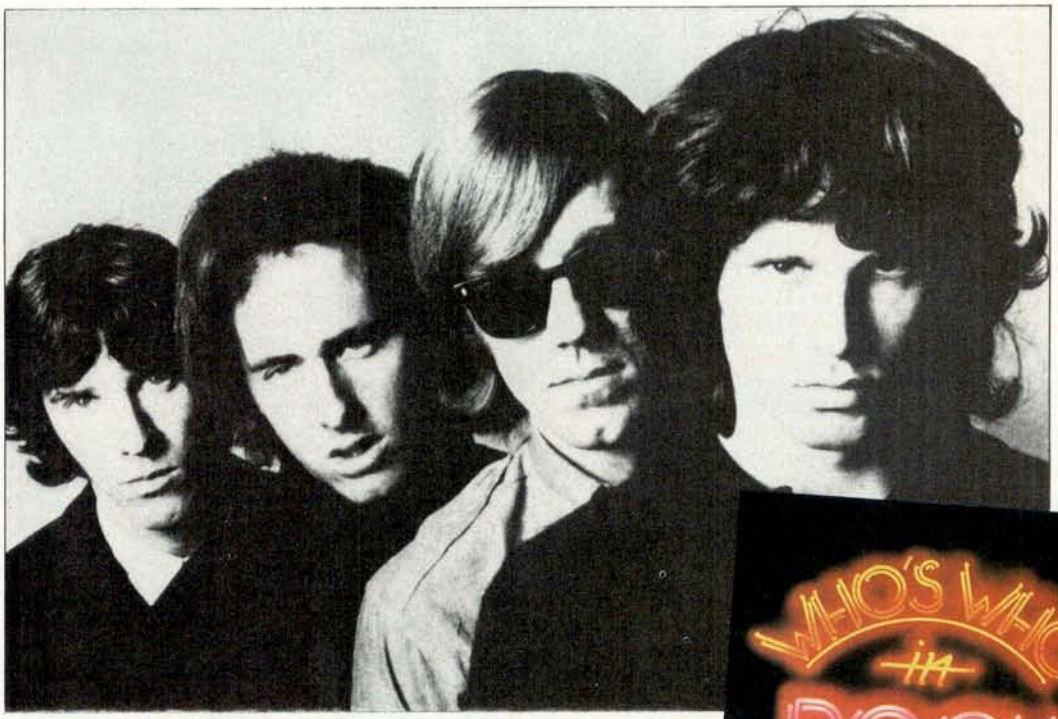
Jack Henry Abbott has spent perhaps six adult weeks as a free man. For the most part—he's 37 at this writing—he has been behind bars, mainly in maximum-security penitentiaries. This book is a map of those places—of what they can do to a man and what they did to this one.

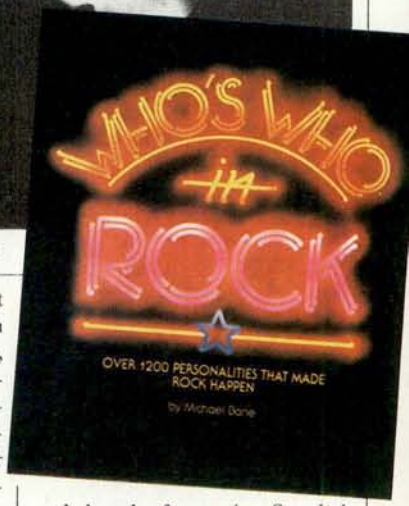
While preparing a book on Gary Gilmore, the convicted Utah murderer who insisted on his own execution, famed author Norman Mailer got a letter from Abbott cautioning that he couldn't write such a volume unless he knew more about what it's like in prison. Mailer responded positively, and later was so impressed by Abbott that he became a major force in obtaining the prisoner's early release. The result of their correspondence is this astonishing, bitter, angry, dangerous and—I think—great book.

Abbott has read widely and spent a lot of time thinking (he claims to have put in more time in solitary confinement than Russian writer Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn). Out of it all he has forged a series of steel-hard, uncompromising opinions.

This book will shake you, to be sure. I don't think there's ever been one like it. It's much more than one man's complaints about conditions in "the joint." It's a survey of cruelty, a redefinition of justice, an almost-clinical description of the fire and ice that made this remarkable prisoner the man—and the writer—he is.







'Who's Who' provides succinct information about rock talent like the Doors.

Abbott shows you a world of terrible control—control from the outside of a man, coming from walls and bars and guards, and a far-more-terrifying kind of control coming from the inside of the man himself.

If you're a prisoner, you oppress or you are oppressed. You dominate or you are dominated. You live for the respect of the other prisoners and for a kind of merciless respect for yourself.

You've got to know that if a man steals from you, or if he puts you down in any way, he will continue to do it for *years*, because he has the years to do it. So he has to be stopped, and to stop him you might have to kill him. The inmates expect you to, and if you don't, you're less than a man.

Take a brilliant, passionate, articulate man who thinks like this and turn him loose on politics, race, justice, the courts, the police and the nation as a whole, and you have *In the Belly of the Beast*.

Released to a halfway house last June before a late-August parole date, Abbott was back in custody three months later, charged with the stabbing-murder of an aspiring actor-playwright outside a Manhattan restaurant. If you wonder how he could have gotten himself into such a situation after all those years in prison, read this terrifying book. You won't wonder any longer.

Who's Who in Rock

By Michael Bane; Facts on File Inc., 460 Park Ave. South, New York, NY 10016; $14.95.

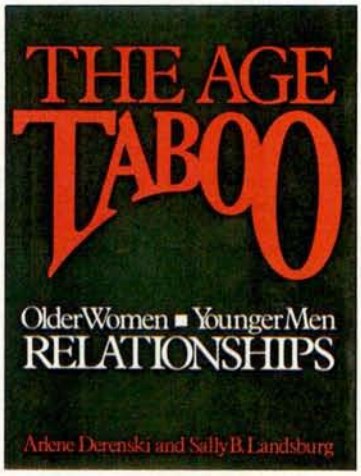
There are damn few people in the Western world who haven't been affected by rock music. Even behind the Iron Curtain its influence is strong in spite of stories about communism's fist smashing down on kids who've been "contaminated" by rock. And anyone who is really into the music has often wondered about this group or that star—where they were born, how they got started, where they are now. Here is a book full of answers.

Regular HUSTLER contributor Michael Bane has a wonderful knack for packing a lot of information (and some personal opinions!) into a very few succinct words. In listing people and bands from the Swedish supergroup Abba to ZZ Top, he provides thumbnail sketches of hundreds of the major stars and lesser lights that have flashed across the musical skies in the last 20 or so years.

For example, Bane writes, ZZ Top "has become a spectacularly successful band, sticking to straight-ahead rock (sort of like Led Zeppelin gone south). The group had a hit single in 1974 with 'LaGrange,' a song about the whorehouse later immortalized in the Broadway production *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*. ZZ Top has also been responsible for the greatest single excess ever perpetrated on a rock tour when the band decided to take along a buffalo, some vultures and a few head of cattle to 'bring Texas to the people.' There was near-panic at one concert when the vultures began cruising the audience."

Back in 1969 I had the extraordinary experience of traveling with Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young as they were composing, recording and perform-

ing the landmark album *Deja Vu*. Because I got to know a lot of the people from many of the groups listed here, I found Bane's book to be a virtual mother lode of memories. But if you're into the music at all, you won't need an experience like mine to be fascinated by *Who's Who in Rock*. Scores of fine photos and an accurate index make it one of the best books of its type yet.



The Age Taboo

By Arlene Derenski and Sally B. Landsburg; Little, Brown and Company, 34 Beacon St., Boston, MA 02106; $12.95.

When guys marry women older than themselves, all hell breaks loose. It's a hell of many parts, most of it coming from the cruel and instant prejudice of the people around them. Without knowing one damn thing about the couple except their ages, many of us assume that he's a kink or a parasite or both, and that she's acting out a pathetic search for her lost youth. Anything more we learn about them—any damn thing—can be turned into a callous laugh or a bloody dart.

If she has more money than he has, we think he's after an easy life and ready for a young chick on the side. If he's the wealthier one, we "know" she's throwing a cushion under her Social Security checks. Few of us bother to study the couple in depth, to find out how they fell into their relationship or what it really means to them. We'd rather make dirty jokes about dry crotches, and use any four-letter word except *love*.

So here, at last, is a book that takes a long, thoughtful look at the older woman/younger man relationship. First of all, what is meant by "older"? The authors had to be arbitrary; after much thought they decided a difference of six years or more was enough to cause some problems. A number of the couples surveyed or mentioned, however, have far greater age gaps than that.

Mystery writer Raymond Chandler, for instance, was married for 30 years to a woman almost 18 years older then he. Other couples in the survey were more than 50 years apart. Four were between 20 and 26 years apart; most were between six and 18 years in age difference. The women were from 27 to 78, the men from 17 to 51. A good, wide view.

Item by item, then, the authors examine the relationships in terms of money, job status, children, the reaction of friends and associates and, most important, the couple's feelings about one another.

After you put this book down, you realize its approach would be valid and valuable in examining other "unusual" relationships as well: interracial, gay, group, any kind of committed intimacy. That's why *The Age Taboo* is a powerful tool against prejudice itself, and against the sort of yahoo thinking that goes along with it.

Sex: The Facts, the Acts, and Your Feelings

By Dr. Michael Carrera; Crown Publishers Inc., 1 Park Ave., New York, NY 10016; $19.95.

Regular readers of this section know I give the highest marks for general sex books to Alex Comfort's *The Joy of Sex* and *More Joy of Sex*. Well, Dr. Michael Carrera has come up with a volume that's right up there with those two. It even offers information that Dr. Comfort doesn't.

First of all, *Sex* is about as straightforward and nonjudgmental as a book can get. Over and over the point is made that tastes and preferences—and especially *feelings*—differ from place to place, from time to time and—most important—from person to person.

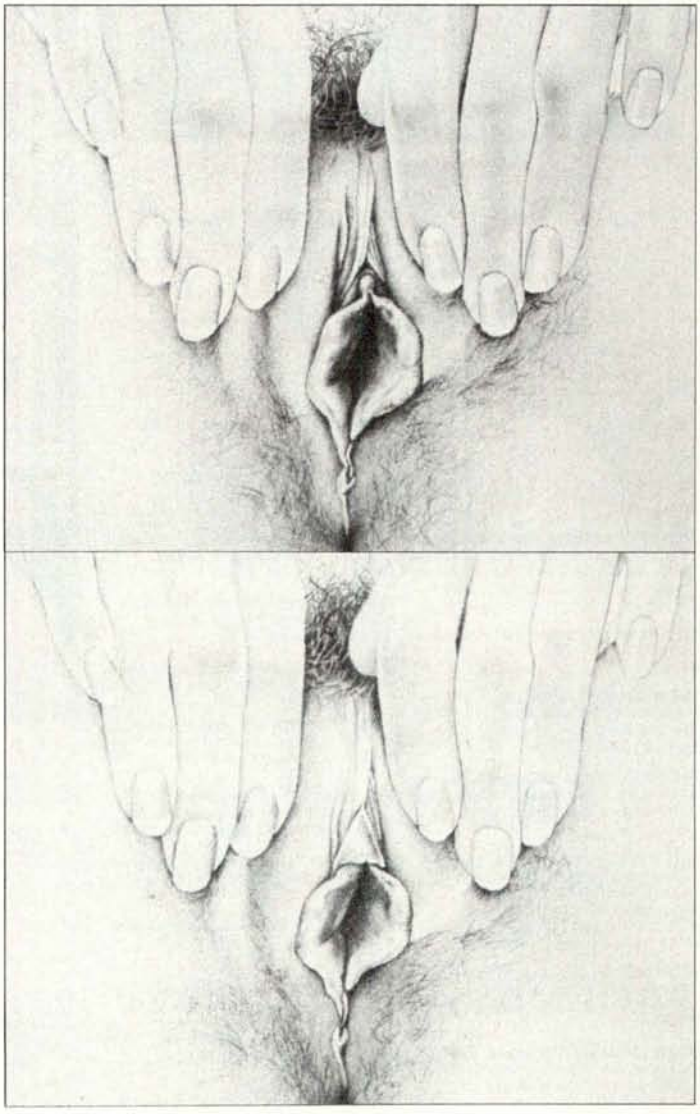
Just as often, Carrera calls for true communication between people. You are urged to say what you like and to get your partner to tell you what *she* likes.

Each section of the book has the kinds of questions that people really do ask, with clear answers about pregnancy, homosexuality, disease, aging, impotence—you name it, you'll find it here.

Then there are the pictures. While lacking the color plates that brighten Comfort's books, *Sex* includes beautiful drawings of loving couples. Some of them depict things you may have never seen. For example, a discovery made late in the research of Masters and Johnson is that the hood of the clitoris retracts during a woman's arousal, but covers it again shortly before orgasm.

In *Sex*, vivid pictures show the stages of that process. There are also revealing photographs proving the sexologists' contention that it's impossible to tell what size an erect cock will be simply by looking at it when it's limp. Carrera shows us three pictures of flaccid penises—one small, one medium and one large. Photos of the same cocks stiffened up demonstrate clearly that they come up to about the same size.

A bonus is a list of organizations you can turn to for help in case of any sexual difficulty. All in all, it's a useful book, well worth buying.



'Sex' shows that the clitoris is exposed when a woman is sexually aroused (top), then retracts beneath its hood as her orgasm draws near.

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Lili St. Cyr

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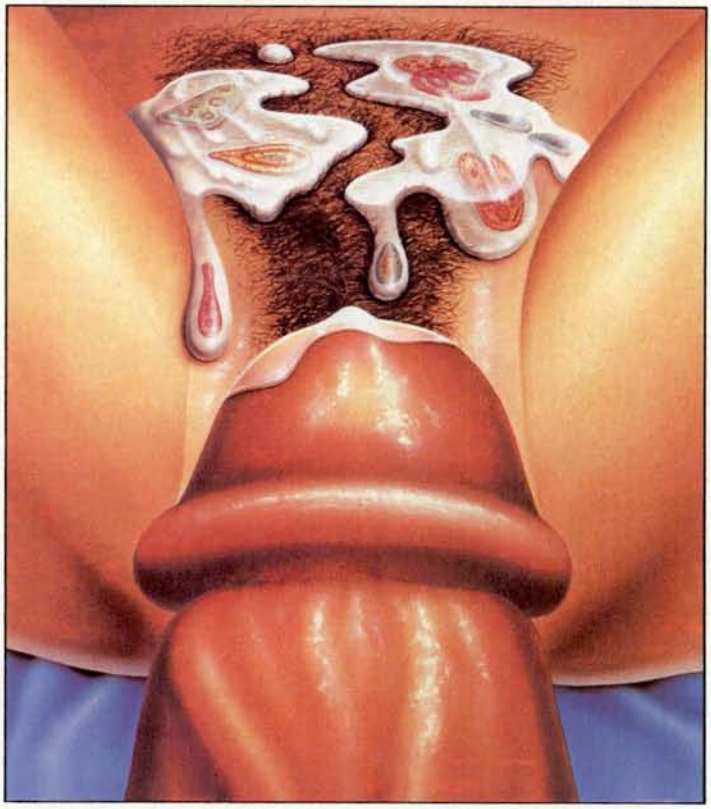
Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



HOW VAGINAL INFECTIONS AFFECT MEN

by Francesca Porter

You've got an amorous evening all planned for the two of you, but when you pick her up, she seems distracted, distant. Through dinner and the movie there's a tension you could cut with a knife. Even though the film is hilarious, she isn't laughing. She's simply squirming in her seat. Later, at her apartment, you make your move anyway. "No," she informs you flatly, "we can't make it tonight; I have a yeast infection."

You're frustrated, she's miserable, and you may decide this lady isn't worth the hassle. You go out in search of one with a healthy vagina instead.

Most women experience at least one or two vaginal infections during their sexually active years. If you're a man who spends any time at all around the fairer sex, you're bound to be temporarily put off because your woman is plagued by *candidiasis* (a yeast infection), *trichomoniasis* (pronounced trick-o-mo-ny-a-sis) or *nonspecific vaginitis*—all of which can make her cunt feel like it's been invaded by an army of fire ants.

Chances are, you'll begin to have some doubts about her. These diseases are sexually transmitted, aren't they? That must prove she's been sleeping around, even though she swears otherwise. Besides, infections "sound" raunchy. Maybe her vagina *is* filthy and germ-ridden, despite what doctors say about female genitalia being clean. On both those counts, though, it ain't necessarily so.

Men can't really be blamed for an ignorance of vaginal infections. All too often, women know little about them as well. Even public-health authorities aren't that knowledgeable.

When treated properly, these bouts with microorganisms are mostly short-lived. While the symptoms—pain, itching, swelling, redness or an unusual discharge—can get to a woman, no long-term damage is done to her reproductive system. Still, trich, yeast infections and nonspecific vaginitis can be a hassle—for a woman, and for her partner as well. And since tension and stress can prolong as well as trigger them, a woman's lover can often be a critical factor in her recovery. If you become unhinged by what's happening in your lady's vagina, chances are she'll pick up on your negative vibes and have to battle the infection longer than usual.

Sometimes a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. But with vaginal infections, understanding the basics can allay many fears.

Yeast infections also go by the names *Monilia* and *Candida*. Normally, a woman has a number of yeast microorganisms in her vagina, and everything is fine. But sometimes certain conditions—pregnancy, diet, ingestion of too many antibiotics, even wearing tight underwear—can upset the chemical balance in the vagina, causing the yeast to multiply out of control. When that happens, a discharge, redness and lots of itching often result.

Once her yeast infection has been diagnosed, she'll probably be given vaginal cream to use for seven to 14 days. *If* her doctor advises her to refrain from having intercourse, by all means go along with that advice. It is possible for a man to catch a yeast infection from a woman; so if the two of you indulge in sex, be sure you wear a condom. It's also wise to wash your penis with soap and water daily and after sex, and to note any irritation of your cock or scrotum. More often than not, men can be carriers of yeast without showing any symptoms themselves.

Your partner may object to having sex, even if you wear a condom and her doctor says intercourse is permissible. In that case, don't push. Her vaginal tissues have been made tender and sore by the infection, and irritating them further can delay healing. Taking things slowly and abstaining for a few days can mean the difference between a quick recovery and several weeks of celibacy.

Trich may be "the most frequently acquired sexually transmitted disease in the U.S.," say Drs. Michel Rein of the federal Center for Disease Control and Thomas Chapel of Wayne State University's School of Medicine. While precise figures are unavailable, Rein and Chapel estimate that 2.5 million cases occur annually.

This disease is caused by a single-celled protozoan that will induce a frothy greenish-white or grayish discharge, as well as itching or pain. Although trich is *usually* transmitted sexually, the little beasts that cause it are sturdy enough to thrive outside the body; thus, it's possible for a woman to pick it up from wet washcloths or from wearing someone else's wet swimsuit. It

Illustration by John Andrews

is *quite* possible for a woman to already have the microorganisms present in her vagina and not show symptoms until menstruation, tension or fatigue allow them to multiply like wildfire. There is a good chance, as well, that she may have gotten her trich infection from you. Remember, men can harbor the one-celled animals without knowing it.

No matter how she became infected with trich, the important thing is to get rid of it. Many doctors recommend that the woman and her partner undergo treatment together as a matter of course. Otherwise, the two of you can reinfect each other for months, even years.

Most trich infections are treated with Flagyl, a powerful drug that has been shown to cause cancer in laboratory mice. Since it's so potent, it's best for you both to take the medicine exactly as the physician prescribes. If you stop before the prescribed dose, the trich can surface again, and you'll be exposed to higher levels of medication than would have been necessary.

If one of the women in your life has trichomoniasis, you should get treatment and warn any other ladies you've slept with to get checked for the organism too. If you don't, you may find yourself infecting a number of partners unknowingly, thus putting a severe crimp in your love life.

Nonspecific vaginitis used to be a catch-all term for infections caused by a number of different bacteria. Now that many of those culprits have been isolated, it's also called *Hemophilis vaginalis, H. influenzae* or *Corynebacterium*. Often, a doctor is able to diagnose a bacterial infection right off by examining a sample of the woman's vaginal discharge under a microscope. Sometimes, though, he'll test for yeast, trich and gonorrhea first, and arrive at his diagnosis.

Although some physicians treat a woman's bacterial infections with antibiotic suppositories, most prefer to use pills so both of you can receive treatment as well. It's a good idea for you to see the doctor too.

Chances are, your partner won't have any second thoughts about abstinence while the two of you are undergoing treatment. Bacterial infections frequently cause painful intercourse, in addition to foul-smelling discharges and itchiness. While these sorts of infections can arise spontaneously, they are also transmitted during intercourse.

Hassling a lady because she's come down with an infection and refusing to be treated yourself is behavior that's injurious to everyone. Even though you don't have a discharge, itching, or burning during urination, there's a good chance the microorganisms will find a home in your reproductive system. Dumping the woman with the vaginal infection and going on your way to infect other women is a quick way to put yourself out of demand on the sexual market.

Despite the fact that vaginal infections, in themselves, aren't a major threat to health and happiness, make certain that what your lady has is really just a simple infection. Lately, a number of new books have listed specific symptoms for the different kinds of vaginal infections. (One excellent guide is *My Body, My Health*, by Felicia Guest and Drs. Felicia Stewart, Gary Stewart and Robert Hatcher.) Although they give both you and your partner a good idea of what's up, the books aren't foolproof. It's critical to have a doctor make a diagnosis and prescribe treatment.

The problem with self-doctoring is that discharges and itching can also be symptoms of other, more serious ailments, like gonorrhea. If your woman hasn't seen a doctor and insists on treating her symptoms her own way, avoid having intercourse with her at all costs.

There are other preventive options as well. Sometimes, bacterial infections are caused by having anal intercourse and following it with vaginal sex without benefit of scrubbing yourself. Because bacteria can thrive in the urinary tract, it's advisable not only to wash but also to urinate before moving your cock from her ass to her pussy.

Lifestyle can have a lot to do with susceptibility to vaginal infections too. Since many women get them when they're physically rundown, it's important that she watch her health. Anxiety and emotional pressures are known to change the body's chemistry, and it's possible that they change the acid content of the vagina and permit infections to develop. Continuing problems with microorganisms may be a sign that she's upset about something.

If physical symptoms or the doctor rule out intercourse, it doesn't mean your sex life has to end. No, oral sex is not the answer; you'd merely get an infection in your mouth! You can touch and fondle one another, though, and explore other facets of your sexuality—the ones you usually ignore when all systems are go. Just remember to thoroughly wash your hands afterward.

No two ways about it: Vaginal infections are a pain both for the woman who has them and for her partner. They don't, however, have to be made worse by guilt, anger and misunderstanding. Neither are they her problem alone. Like all sexual diseases, the responsibility for treatment lies with both partners. Once you know what they are, and you do your bit to take care of them, they needn't put too much of a crimp in your sexual fun and games.

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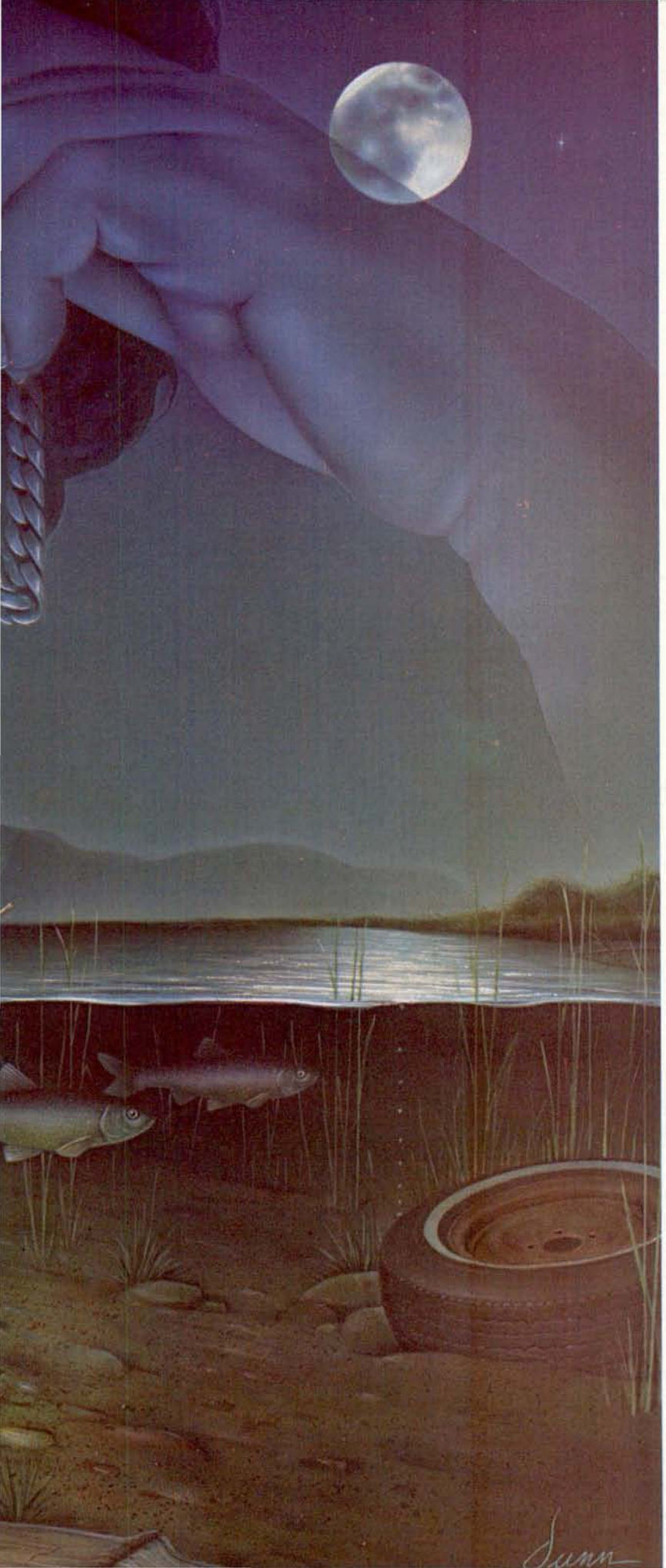


DOROTHY ALLISON

Psychic Crime-Solver

Twin church steeples. A swampy area with an overpowering smell of oil. Two types of bridges. The letters MAR. The images flickered like a movie in Dorothy Allison's mind.

Susan Jacobson, a 14-year-old from Staten Island, New York, was missing. Frustrated by unsuccessful police searches, her parents turned to Allison, a New Jersey clairvoyant who had previously helped lawmen find several missing persons . . . or their dead bodies.

The Jacobsons tried to sort out the jumbled kaleidoscope of clues provided by Allison, but eventually they lost hope. Police considered the teenager a runaway. But the psychic sleuth clung stubbornly to her strange vision.

Two years later, in March 1978, three boys who were muskrat hunting in an abandoned boatyard near the Jacobson home found a badly decomposed body in a 55-gallon oil drum down a 12-foot shaft. It was Susan Jacobson.

In the distance, over in New Jersey, stood two church spires. The Bayonne Bridge and a railroad span towered nearby. And, startlingly, painted in red on a boulder 200 feet from the grisly scene were the letters MAR. Tragically, Dorothy Allison had been on target.

"Sure, I was skeptical at first," recalls Nutley, New Jersey, police detective Salvatore Lubertazzi, who has worked on dozens of cases with Allison in his own and other jurisdictions. "But she changed my mind. About 75% of the time she accurately describes where, and often when, a missing person will be found."

The veteran cop's change of heart is not atypical. There is a growing public belief that some individuals have the extraordinary ability to "see" through time and space, and—in some cases—the power to cure anything from headaches to cancer.

It hasn't always been this way. For centuries, persons who had "visions" or made prophecies were quickly written off as mad, mentally disturbed or in league with the devil. They were exiled from society. In recent years, however, that attitude has changed dramatically.

Psychics now are in demand at parties and on radio and television talk shows. In suburban shopping malls, groups of them stage "psychic fairs," where for $5 (or $500) a seer will tell you whether or not you'll land that new job. Or whether your old lady is having an affair. Or what you were in past lives: the keeper of a harem, an Arab sheikh, an Indian maiden.

When clairvoyants peek into the future,

Profile by Steve Zipay

they foresee everything from assassinations to Super Bowl winners to where the flaming shards of a spacecraft will fall. Sometimes they're right; sometimes they're not even close. Every seer who's predicted the end of the world has been incorrect—so far.

Parapsychology—the branch of psychology that investigates psychic phenomena such as extrasensory perception (ESP), clairvoyance and telepathy—is presently the subject of clinical research at reputable universities and hospitals in North America and Europe. And believers are turning up in executive board rooms and police headquarters, strongholds of no-nonsense logic and down-to-earth practicality.

For more than a century, psychics have offered to help police unravel mass murders, sex crimes and missing-persons cases. Yet tough, hard-line investigators from Scotland Yard to California precinct houses routinely rejected tips from the odd lot of people they thought were as loony as the Mad Hatter at tea.

Even when an adventurous detective worked with one of these "psychic eyes," the scattered barrage of clues often would not prove useful. But when resourceful investigators could piece together the eerie puzzle, they found the inexplicable visions deadly accurate.

In fact, a 1978 California Department of Justice study encouraged investigators to consult psychics in difficult cases. Based on interviews with 11 police officers who had used seers in crime solving, the report concluded that "a talented psychic can assist [police] by helping to locate the geographic area of a missing person, narrow the number of leads to be concentrated on, highlight information that has been overlooked and provide information previously overlooked by the investigators."

* * *

Despite some impressive competitors, police officials, parents and researchers agree that the world's premier psychic detective is Dorothy Allison. The tough-talking New Jersey housewife—who received national attention while working with the FBI on the Patty Hearst abduction and, more recently, the search for the killer or killers of 28 blacks in Atlanta—has by far the best track record.

Without trances or a crystal ball, the energetic 57-year-old mother of four has been credited with helping police solve at least 13 homicides and find more than 50 missing persons. For her efforts, she has collected honorary badges and commendations from more than 50 police departments across the country.

Yet some law-enforcement authorities, even after sleuthing with Allison, still aren't persuaded. "I can understand why people doubt psychics," she says with a trace of bitterness. "There are a lot of frauds around. But nobody can call me a fraud when I've worked for the police sometimes 12 hours or more a day over a period of 13 years. I don't go to them; they come to me. And I don't accept any money or donations besides expenses. I'm not a fortune-teller."

On a hilly street not far from the small downtown area of Nutley, a low stone wall fronts the Allison home. The setting is decidedly ordinary. Inside, one of five black German shepherds barks loudly at the sound of visitors walking up the steps to the front door.

"Don't mind the place; it's usually neater," Allison remarks, ushering her guest toward a brown sofa in the compact living room. Her dark-red fingernail polish matches her turtleneck sweater, which drapes over white jeans. She points to two shopping bags spilling over with letters from anguished parents and police seeking her help.

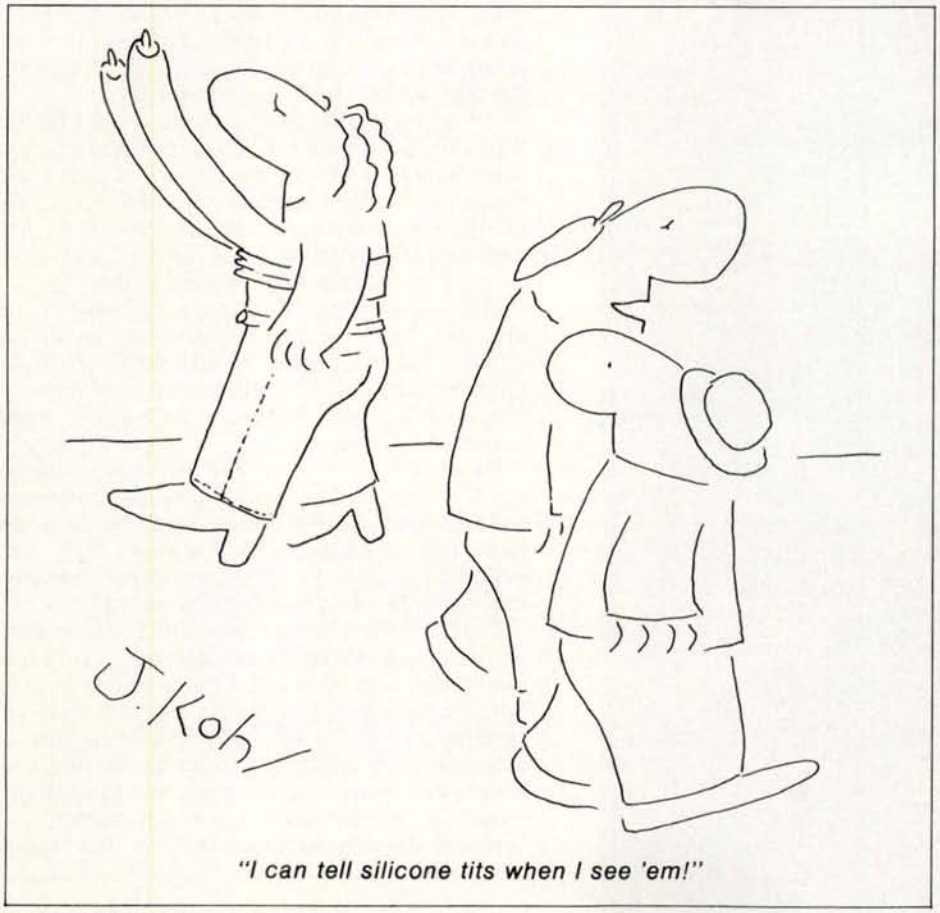
"There's too much to do, and working uses up so much energy that I get three vitamin B-12 shots a week from a nurse," she admits, stepping into the small but modern kitchen to brew coffee.

Emerging moments later, she quickly glances at a painting of former President John F. Kennedy, sunglasses in hand, standing near a shoreline. For an instant there appears to be a mood swing. In January 1968 she had an icy premonition that one of the Kennedys would be shot near a restaurant on the West Coast. JFK's brother Robert was slain in the kitchen of a Los Angeles hotel the following June.

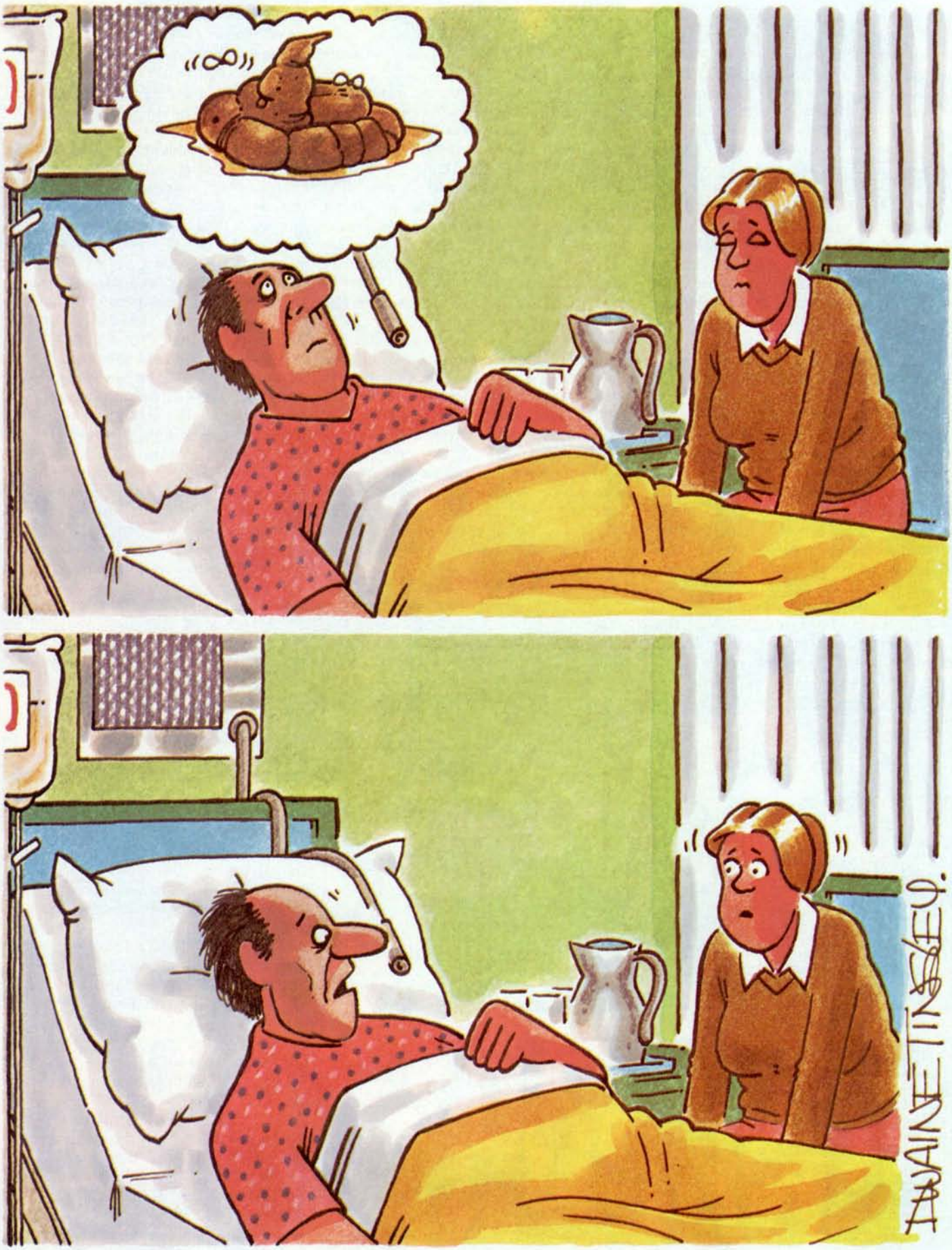
She finally settles down at the kitchen table and slides a cup of coffee across the wood finish. Allison's cup has the astrological sign of Capricorn on the side. She considers herself religious and at times prays to Saint Anthony—the 13th-century Franciscan friar revered by Catholics as the patron of the poor and of lost property. Allison occasionally wears a Saint Anthony medal, but there is no timetable for her prayers. She says she is simply a woman of faith.

"These are my little angels," she continues, opening a wallet-size photo album with color and black-and-white snapshots of children. Some are dead; some are alive; some are still missing. "Aren't they beautiful?" she asks. "It's like they're my own. I feel so badly for their mothers. I hate the bastards that kill them."

For the next few hours, while chain-smoking Viceroys, the dark-haired clairvoyant recounts some of her more celebrated cases. She pauses only to open hallway closets and file cabinets, pulling out newspaper clippings, letters from grateful parents, and affida-



"I can tell silicone tits when I see 'em!"



"I think I may be dying. My whole life has just passed before my eyes!"

vits attesting to her remarkable exploits.

"I've always said that when children under the age of 14 are involved, I'll put my other cases aside," says Allison, who usually works on as many as ten cases at a time. "My other priorities are when a cop is shot or when a mass murderer is on the loose."

She is still recovering from five days in Atlanta, where she focused her energy on the series of slayings and disappearances of young blacks. "The media drove me crazy down there," Allison recalls. "One time I had to lie down on the floor of a patrol car to get away from the cameras and helicopters. It was a damned circus. I've given people's names and places to the Atlanta police. They're on tape, but no one else can hear it yet."

Allison feels that two men are involved in the slayings and that only "some of the cases are connected, not all." She predicts a casket company and a place resembling a furniture factory or lumberyard will be the locations where other missing children's bodies will be found.

Deputy Police Chief Morris Redding, head of Atlanta's criminal-investigations division, told reporters Allison's tips would be checked out along with all additional incoming information.

Allison can afford to travel to Atlanta and other cities because police departments pay her expenses and—as she puts it—because "Bob supports me." Bob Allison, her husband, is a soft-spoken construction engineer without any paranormal insights.

Although Dorothy doesn't mind occasional trips, she can just as easily direct lawmen to bodies over the telephone. On a radio call-in show in St. Louis in October 1980 she accurately described a dead-end street where the corpse of a Missouri shoe clerk would be found within two weeks. Another time, Washington state police related sketchy details of a distraught mother's report of her two missing children.

"I see doubles," Allison said on the phone, "and the number 78."

Police later hoisted the children's bodies from the Columbia River, near the shore of Two Rivers Park and not far from an electrical transmission tower with the symbol '78 (like the year) painted on its base. The mother was later charged with the murders.

Allison insists she can't explain her visions—or "television pictures," as she calls them—of numbers, faces, landscapes and buildings. "It's both a blessing and a sting," she says. But she knows when they started.

Her autobiography, *Dorothy Allison: A Psychic Story*, relates a childhood premonition. On July 5, 1939, as she sat on the steps of her house in Jersey City and gazed at the dirt, she saw a ghostly face floating in the air above the ground. Looking at the screen door of the house, she saw lilies and white crepe.

Her young friend, Vicky, who did not see either ghostly apparition, asked if Dorothy wanted to go bowling the following evening.

"The mental alchemy of images and thoughts tossing in her mind began to coalesce," her coauthor wrote. "Dorothy was beginning to understand. White flowers. Lilies. She thought of Easter, Christ, death. Without further consideration, she turned to Vicky and said, 'My father will be dead tomorrow night, and I won't be able to go bowling.' "

"When Allison's father died the next night, her mother, Appolonia, tried to console her frightened daughter. But the wise woman knew the time wasn't right to reveal all. On her deathbed, years later, Appolonia told Dorothy: 'My prayers have brought me special sight, and you too have it.' "

The neighborhood women believed Appolonia was a blessed visionary. She was indeed a stout, strong, devout woman who often led neighbors in prayer. She did not, however, solve crimes. There were statues of saints on her dresser, and after her husband's death she devoted her life—as a nun would—to God. She also predicted on her deathbed that Dorothy would marry twice, have several children and live comfortably. All of these prophecies are true as of this writing.

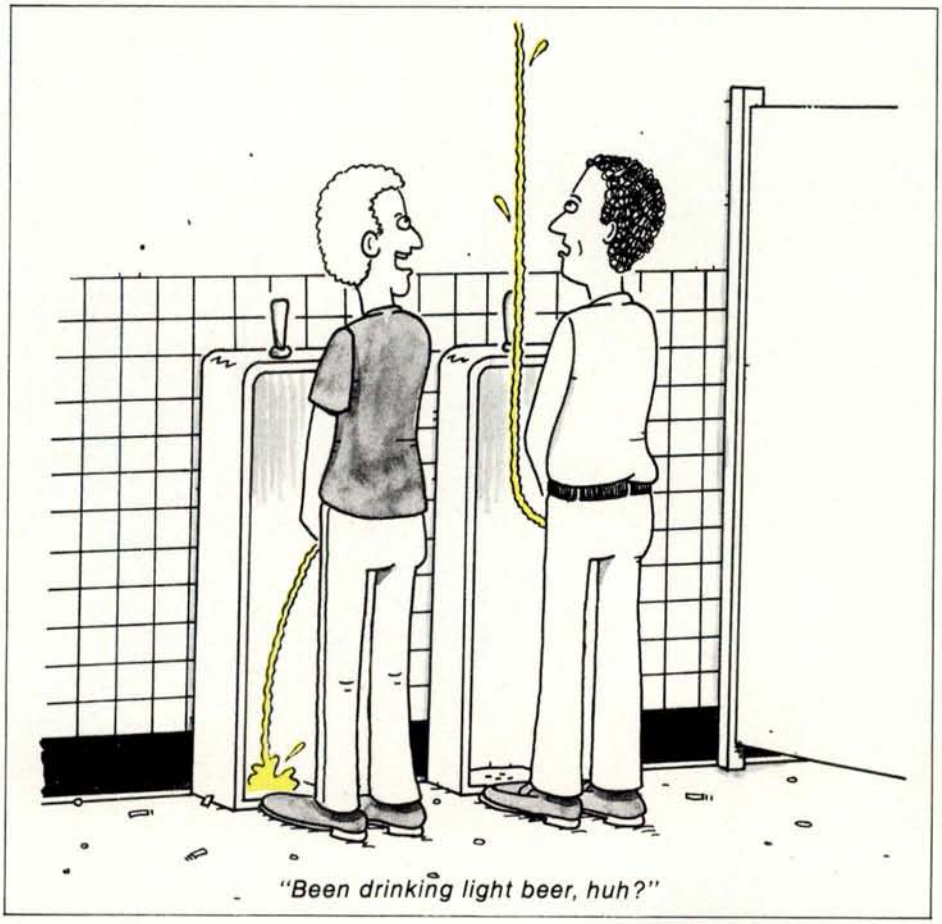
Allison's unlikely career as a psychic investigator began just before dawn on December 3, 1967. She dreamed she saw the body of a blond, blue-eyed boy, wearing a green snowsuit, caught in a drainpipe in a shallow pool of water. His shoes were on the wrong feet. Police were thunderstruck. The clairvoyant had perfectly described five-year-old Michael Kurscics, whose disappearance on the morning of her dream had not yet been made public.

A month later she told police she had "seen" a building with gold lettering and the number 8. On February 7, 1968, the child's body was found in a drainpipe in nearby Clifton. His sneakers, underneath rubbers, were on the wrong feet. Nearby were a factory with gold lettering on the door and an elementary school, P.S. 8.

Following that nightmare 14 years ago, word of Dorothy Allison's unusual abilities circulated nationwide.

□When Patty Hearst was kidnapped on February 8, 1974, her father, Randolph, asked for Dorothy's aid. Although she had provided no leads before Patty was captured in San Francisco a year-and-a-half later, Allison

(continued on page 52)



"Been drinking light beer, huh?"

"Careful . . . it can smell fear."

TONY & GINA
Valentine Sweethearts

HTTP://FREEMAGS.CC

Photography by James Baes

Gina was feeling kind of blue, wondering whether Tony remembered it was Valentine's Day. When the messenger arrived with the gigantic box, she couldn't imagine what was inside. As Tony hopped out of the package, naked as the day he was born, Gina couldn't keep her hands off this sweet treat. The two lovers had shared so much the past year that they knew just how to please each other. Instantly, their mouths and hands found the most secret, sensuous spots, and soon they were bringing each other to lustful ecstasy. After it was over, Tony said, "Wait'll you see what kind of bang-up box you get for the Fourth of July!"

(continued from page 40)

informed the FBI she thought the missing heiress had hid in Pennsylvania and then in New York City. Authorities subsequently found Patty's fingerprints in a Pennsylvania farmhouse and agreed she had been in New York exactly when the psychic had said. "Dorothy couldn't locate Patty," Randolph Hearst said. "But she is honest and reputable. I wouldn't laugh at her."

□When 18-year-old Barney Berke vanished during a 1968 beach outing to Asbury Park, New Jersey, wearing only a bathing suit, his parents were frantic. Unsuccessful ground and helicopter searches of the area prompted Mrs. Berke to contact Allison as a last resort. Hearing the woman's voice on the phone helped the psychic form a picture of the missing teenager.

"I don't see him drowned or dead," she assured the parents. "I know he will return. He's caught in some kind of Houdini act. You will just have to be patient."

But after two months, when no further progress had been made in the case, the grieving Berkes held a funeral for their son. Again Allison suggested they be patient. Two weeks later Barney Berke came home, looking bedraggled and wearing ill-fitting clothes. A victim of amnesia, he had no recollection of what had transpired since his disappearance. The parents soon understood one aspect of Allison's initial vision—her reference to Harry Houdini. The teenage boy admitted he had been studying to become a professional magician.

□On September 2, 1973, Phyllis Thompson, a 28-year-old East Brunswick, New Jersey, schoolteacher was brutally murdered. Allison told the victim's mother her daughter was forced into a car, raped, hit three times with a heavy object and drowned. The psychic described a cemetery where the body was taken. She said the murderer was an ex-con named Krug, adding that Krug's fingerprint smear would be found on the slain teacher's pantyhose. Eventually, all of this was found to be true. Frederick Krug of South River, New Jersey, was sentenced to life in prison for the kidnap-murder.

□Thirteen-year-old Gus Karavasalis, the mature-looking son of Greek immigrants living in Baltimore, Maryland, had disappeared without a trace after twice being disciplined for smoking on school grounds. The parents had seen Allison on a TV interview program, and they pleaded with police to contact her. Under hypnosis, she saw the runaway teenager close to fire and wearing a uniform. She said he was living with other Greeks in a hilly area distinguishable by a lot of water and many bridges. When one of his former teachers reported he had seen Karavasalis in a San Francisco coffee shop, the boy's parents and a detective flew out west. Two hundred fifty-five days after his disappearance, they found him working as a cook in a Greek restaurant. His uniform was just as Allison had described it. The youth had run away because he feared he had dishonored his family and would be sent back to Greece by his father.

□On December 9, 1974, a hunter discovered the bodies of two 49-year-old men, Richard O. Wyler of Westwood, New Jersey, and his fellow employee, Alfred Sutley of Bayport, New York. They were found in the wreckage of a private plane in a rugged, wooded area of western New Jersey. Federal Aviation Administration-led searches for the four-seat Beechcraft, reported missing five months earlier on a flight from Ohio to New Jersey's Teterboro Airport, had stretched to five states.

Ruth Wyler, the wife of one of the missing men, said Allison—under hypnosis—told her their bodies would be found by December 9, near a landmark bearing the name of a government official, such as a president or mayor. The crash site—where the victims' bodies were discovered—was a half-mile south of Jefferson Township Middle School.

Allison often relies upon personal articles such as jewelry to help her tune in. After wearing the high-school ring of missing Debbie Kline, an 18-year-old from Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, she picked out a suspect from a handful of police mug shots. She then told Pennsylvania state troopers they would find Debbie's body with her throat cut, wrapped in a plastic sheet near the word *burnt* written on a yellow sign. In January 1977 the girl's corpse was discovered at Burnt Cabins, a small resort that had a yellow billboard along the highway.

"You cannot deny her," says a Pennsylvania reporter who coauthored a book on the Kline case. "We've got proof positive on everything she did and said."

On March 14, 1978, the missing-persons unit of the Bergen County, New Jersey, sheriff's office asked Allison to assist in the search for Ronald Stica, an 18-year-old Lodi youth who had disappeared the previous September. The psychic began by drawing a map, which police said resembled the neighborhood near a bridge across the Saddle River where the teenager and his friends often gathered.

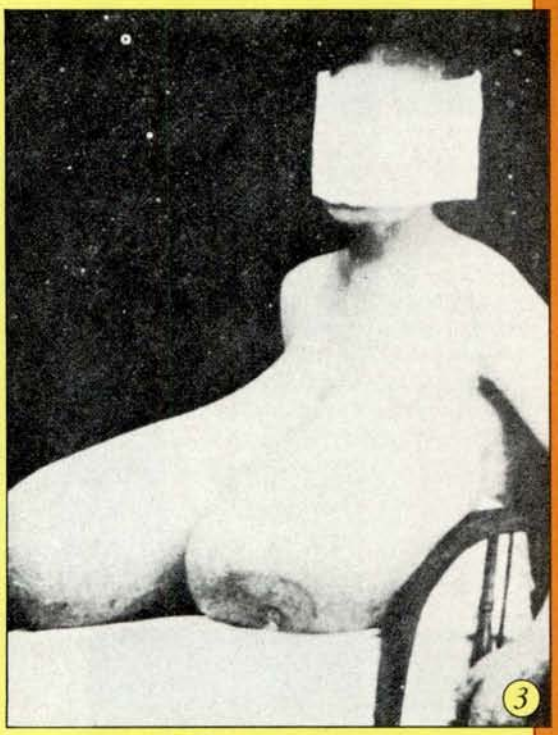
After holding the lost youth's glasses and driving around the area with police, she proclaimed the body would

(continued on page 56)

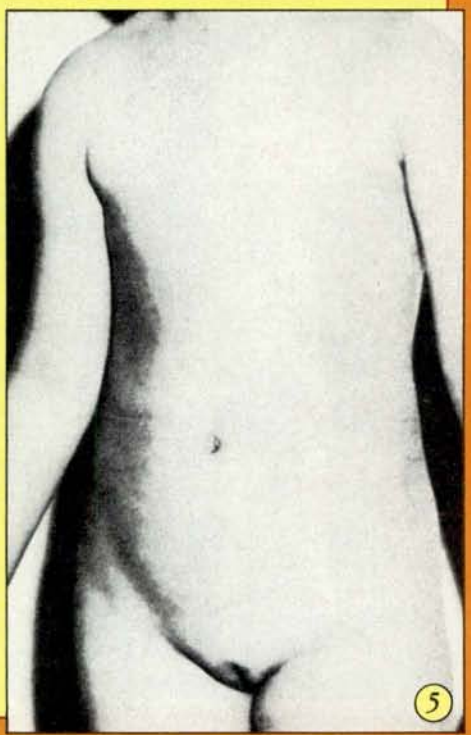
"It say—many moons ago white man come."

HUSTLER'S AMAZING
SEX FREAKS

Mother Nature can play some cruel tricks. You're about to gaze upon a collection of the most amazing, outrageous and often-horrifying sexual abnormalities ever assembled in one place. Some will repulse you, some will hypnotize you, and some will make you green with envy. But all will fascinate you. Ever since the first circus freak show, millions of people have swarmed to the hot, musty tents to view the bizarre results of genetics gone wild. HUSTLER brings a few to you.



Breasts were the focal point of men's interest in the female anatomy until Larry Flynt coined the term "Think Pink." But even the most vehement tit man would have to pause in awe before squeezing these melons. (1) Tina is a newcomer to the sex scene, having been discovered and promoted by English photographer John Xavier. Victim of a hormonal imbalance, Tina has an otherwise-slender body that stores all its fat in her 84-inch bosom. Back problems and curiosity vultures prove that Tina's gargantuan assets are too much of a good thing. (2) Not much is known about the African woman featured in this antique photo. Excessive nursing, exposure to the elements, and unknown maladies probably contributed to the swollen, tortured look of her breasts. (3) This poor woman, the owner of the most enormous tits ever photographed, made what was most likely her only upright appearance when she posed for an 1896 medical text. (4) Again, there's not much known about this foursome. Although multiple breasts are rare, as many as nine on one person have been reported. (5) We've come full circle from too much to too little. This medical oddity is extremely unusual—the total absence of nipples.

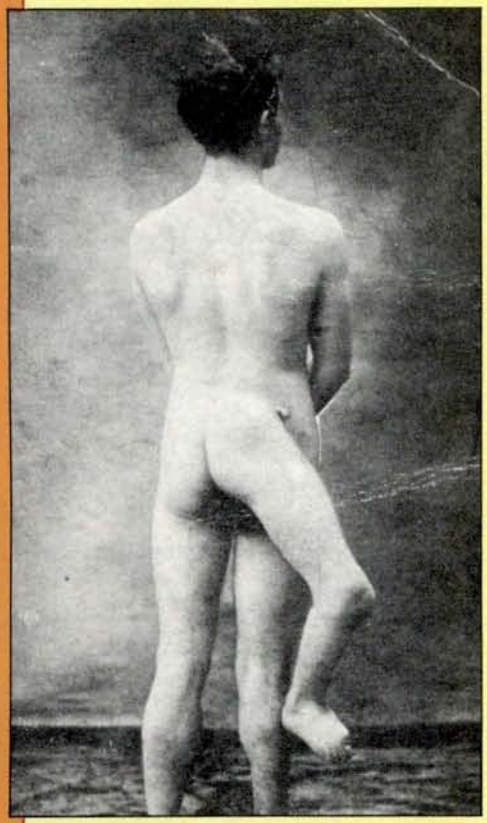


We've seen big dippers and little dippers, but this is the first time we've seen a double dipper. Posed to show his two cocks clearly, this man of apparently Asian origin is an undated (but not forgotten) mistake of nature. The number around his neck was probably used to aid in the recording of his case by a medical historian. A definite HUSTLER exclusive.

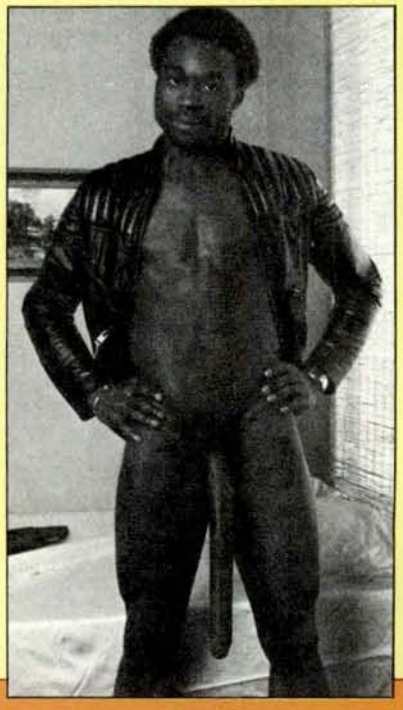
We can only guess that this fellow, pictured in an old nurse's manual, was the express-elevator operator at the Empire State Building. Luckier than most of the folks shown here, he did suffer the disadvantage of never being able to wear designer jeans.

This is possibly the most famous testicle of all time. Weighing in the neighborhood of 100 pounds, this ball had to be toted around by wheelbarrow. The enormous size was caused by a disease known as scrotal elephantiasis. Fortunately, it was removed by surgery.

The appearance of she-male Sulka's penis amid otherwise-female body parts was not a mistake of nature. This individual underwent a series of operations to change his sex from male to female. The photo, taken before the completion of the change, provides a startling neither-woman-nor-man look that even nature has never quite produced.

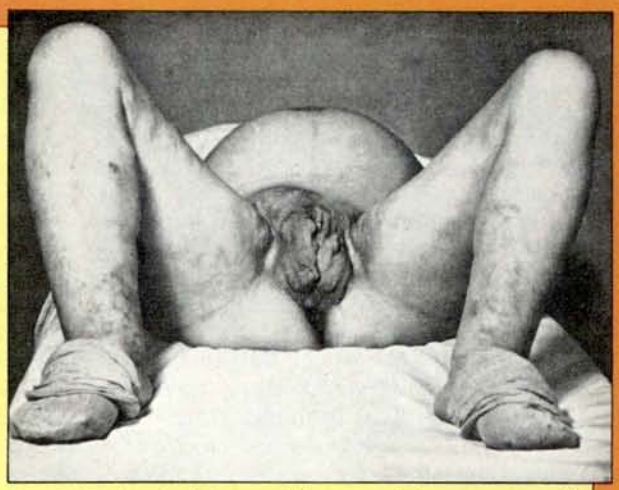


At left is Frank Lentini, who spent much of his life on exhibit. His photo appeared on a card reading, "The only man in the world with . . . two bodies from the waist down." Although his shy pose keeps us from seeing his genitalia, we can see what seems to be a partially formed pecker peeking out on his right hip.

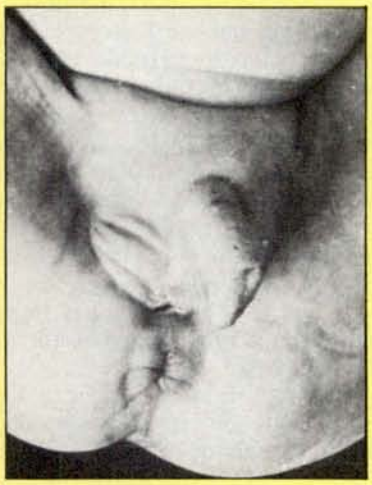


Ever wish your penis was a little bigger? Well, here's a man who wished too hard. Known as Long Dong Silver, he's appeared in a variety of blue movies. For those who are counting, it's 18½ inches long . . . and he never has to call Roto-Rooter.

Holy mackerel! Our first question upon seeing this photo was, "Has anyone gone in looking for survivors?" It's another HUSTLER exclusive, and we've never seen anything like it since. And if our luck holds up . . .



HUSTLER has had the good fortune to bring you some of the most beautiful pussy in existence. Here's the bad news—we're also bringing you the ugliest. This is a gross example of varicose veins of the vulva. You won't hear us say this often, but . . . please, lady, close your legs.



This medical phenomenon is more complicated than it looks. This female (that's right, female) has an enlarged penislike clitoris, two vaginas . . . and testicles. When large clits like this appear, other congenital deformities, including poorly formed or stunted arms and legs, are often present as well.

An African bush tribe (well-named) called the Hottentots artificially stretch their women's vaginal flaps to lengths of up to seven inches. This lady didn't go that far, but she's not just whistling "Dixie"—and with these lips we're sure she can.

We've never seen such a clear look at two holes in one vagina as this shot. And what makes the picture even more amazing is that the openings are side by side. We couldn't find any record of this type of variation in medical texts. All we were able to determine was that she's the perfect blind date for our double-dicked friend on the opposite page.

The ultimate sex freak: a true hermaphrodite. This person has both a penis and a vagina. To him/her the term "Go fuck yourself" can be the beginning of a beautiful relationship.

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be found in a swamp near Teterboro Airport.

A week later—and the day after Susan Jacobson's skeleton was found in Staten Island—authorities led by two material witnesses unearthed the boy's body, stabbed four times, from its makeshift swampy grave.

"Seeing is believing," Bergen County detective Anthony Tortora told the press. "Dorothy Allison took us to within 50 yards of where the body was. She's quite a gal."

As Mrs. Allison recalls: "Ronnie's mother and I almost walked over the body. I can still hear her screaming when they told her they found her son."

• • •

A detailed study of the baffling case of John DeMars shows the scope of Allison's amazing psychic abilities. On December 20, 1974, the bank executive left work at the usual time but never came home to his wife and two children in Nutley. Like many who commute by train, the former Vietnam intelligence agent observed a regular weekday schedule. Every morning he would drive to the Nutley station, where he'd catch a train to Hoboken. In the evening he'd take the train back to Nutley and then drive home.

Police investigators interviewed family, friends, commuters and railroad workers. Photographs of DeMars appeared in many Metropolitan Area newspapers, but two weeks later police remained baffled. There was no evidence of kidnapping, and his bank records were in order.

His wife, Elaine, contacted Dorothy Allison. Over coffee, the clairvoyant was able to describe DeMars' office, secretary and his clockworklike habits.

Allison didn't tell Mrs. DeMars about "seeing" an arrow arcing across a blue sky somewhere, descending and landing near water, although she knew the water meant DeMars had drowned.

Nutley police detective Sal Lubertazzi was subsequently assigned to interview the psychic. She told him right off, as he sat at the kitchen table, that DeMars was dead. Allison saw, but could not explain, "two guys," the arrow image, an archer, the number 222, a row of old tires and a playground. She said someone on the train might not be telling the whole truth about the ride on the night DeMars vanished. Taking notes, Lubertazzi remained skeptical.

Later that day he received an anonymous call from a commuter who got off the train every night just before the Nutley stop. The commuter said that on the night of December 20 he asked a conductor to stop the train after he had absentmindedly missed his stop. The train stopped on a bridge over the Passaic River, about a hundred feet from the station. Since it was too dark to walk back to the platform, the man decided to get off in Nutley. Police called back several trainmen and commuters for further questioning, and the engineer confirmed there *had* been such a stop.

The next morning Essex County scuba divers, accompanied by Lubertazzi, began three days of diving in the frigid water underneath the trestle while Allison tramped along on the Passaic's muddy, garbage-strewn banks. They found nothing. By late January she and Lubertazzi had revisited the area a dozen times, still to no avail.

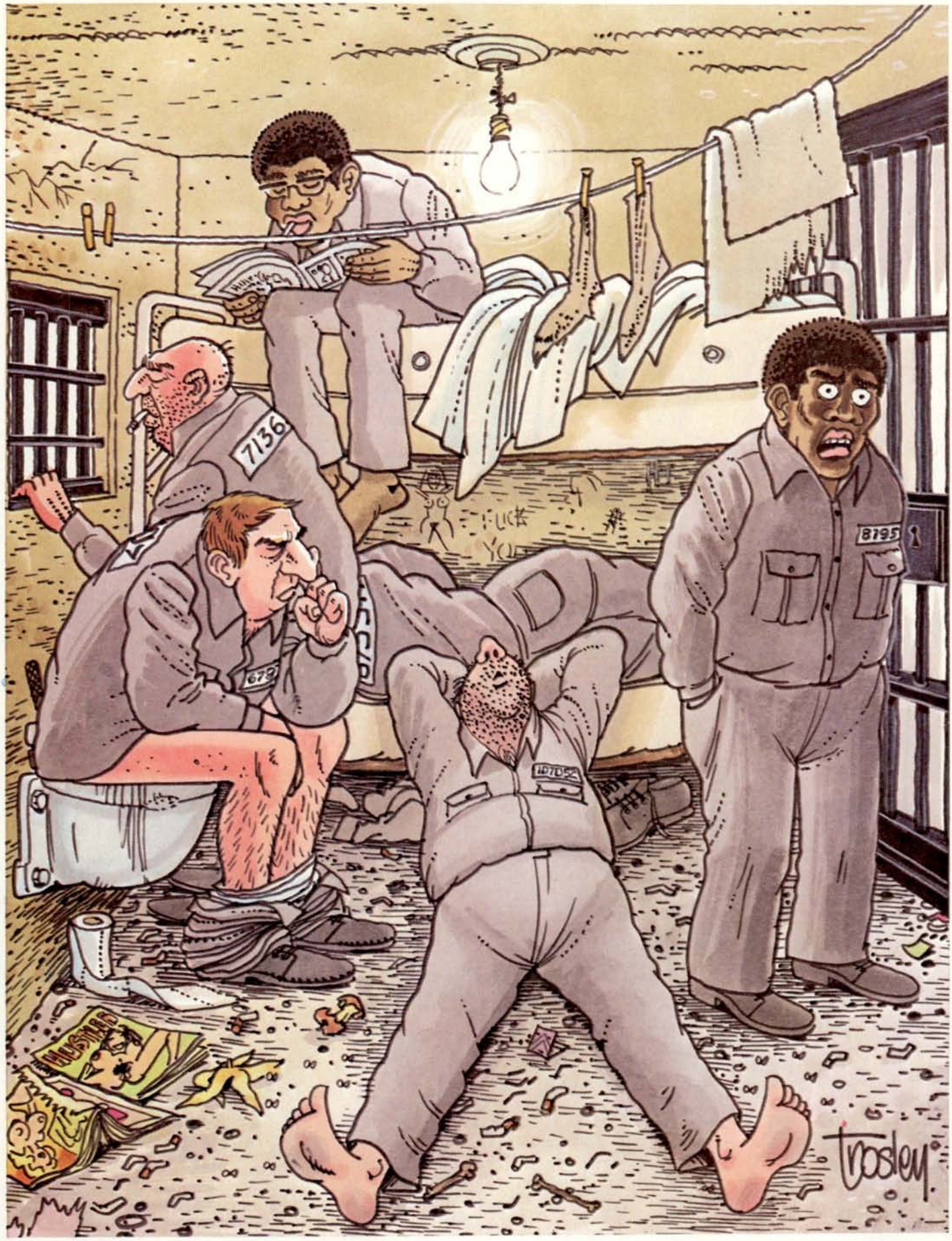
In her mind, Allison saw the number 222 again, deciding it meant DeMars would not be found until February 22. Police from nearby Kearny called Lubertazzi on the afternoon of February 22. A boy and his father had been shooting arrows at a target, and one had gone awry. The boy ran to chase it by the edge of the Passaic and saw a human leg sticking out of the mud, near a number of discarded tires. The body was later identified by the contents of a wallet as John DeMars. Evidently, the bank executive had fallen or jumped from the train when it had stopped on the bridge over the river.

The recovery site was near a playground, five miles downstream from Nutley and about 50 feet behind a discount store. Dorothy Allison had said to look for two guys. The store's name? Two Guys.

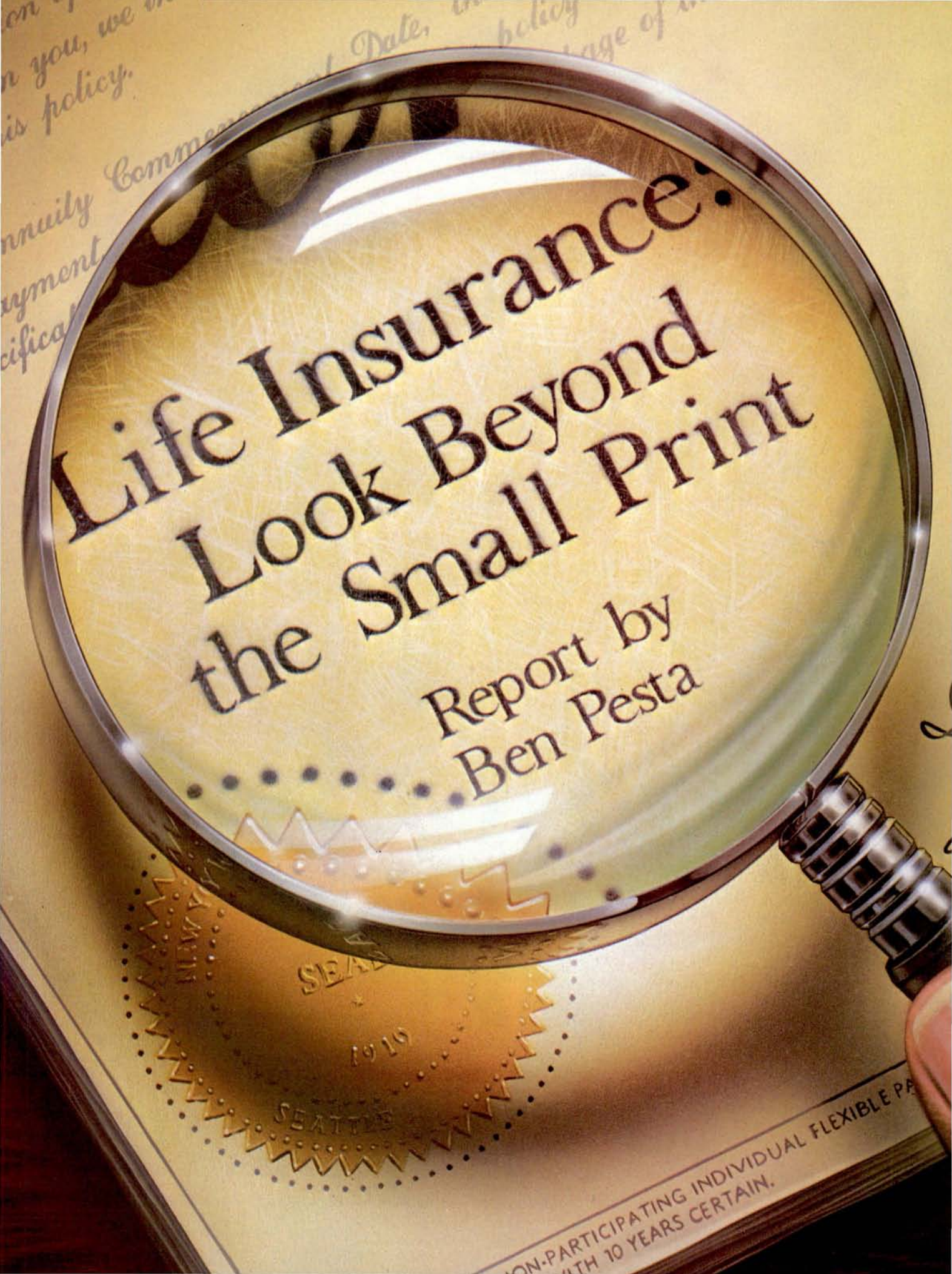
Despite the expanding amount of evidence demonstrating that seers can be miraculously attuned to human wavelengths and beyond, not every psychic prediction is accurate. "Some psychics drag families all over the country and come up blank," scoffs a Dallas homicide detective. Skeptical investigators insist that only good, persistent police work solves cases. They say clairvoyants often get their best "visions" from cooperative cops.

"If we listened to every psychic who told us we'd find a body under the Golden Gate Bridge, the city would go broke," says Inspector Armand Pelissett of the San Francisco Police Department. "Divers cost bucks, and unless they find buried treasure, we're bankrupt. It's just not practical."

Such put-downs Allison and other psychics write off to professional jealousy. "The police don't want the public to know someone's more competent than they are," Allison declares. "Many other people also ridicule us or suggest we're crazy. I just smile at them all. My record speaks for itself."



'It was living conditions like these that led me into a life of crime in the first place."


Life Insurance:
Look Beyond
the Small Print
Report by
Ben Pesta

You're watching a life-insurance commercial filmed for Mutual of New York. The picture on your TV screen shows a young man dressed in a janitor's coveralls, unhappily sweeping the floor of a deserted building. It's late at night, and the hall lights cast a harsh and lonely glare on the empty corridor as he dumps a dustpanful of floor scrapings into a garbage can. "He'd counted on going to college," the unseen announcer says in a melancholy voice. "He hadn't counted on you dying." The message is clear: If you don't buy enough life insurance, you'll ruin your children's lives.

With a shudder you switch channels, looking for *Archie Bunker's Place* or something else to take your mind off what you've just seen. Instead, the new station shows a bunch of guys at the local bowling alley, wearing team shirts and enjoying a few lines of their favorite sport. Suddenly, two men in white suits enter the picture, dressed like angels. They take one of the bowlers by the arm, lead him out through a solid wall and accompany him onto a ghostly escalator going straight up into the sky.

The guy in the bowling shirt is surprised, just like you'd be if it happened to you. "You mean

M Coatly
President
Shirley X. Pensive
Secretary

Illustration by Mick McGinty

I'm? . . ." he stammers, afraid to say the word *dead*.

"That's right," one of the angels nods sympathetically.

"I thought I had more time," the dead bowler says.

The other angel shakes his head. "Doesn't everybody?" he answers.

You've just received a little reminder from the Prudential Insurance Company that anybody, anywhere, can drop dead at any time.

If you're like most Americans, you're exposed to life-insurance propaganda nearly every day of your life. Insurance companies insert advertising fliers in your Sunday paper. They send you premium offers of pens and pencils on your birthday. They stuff your mailbox with desk calendars every Christmas season. They bombard you with magazine ads, radio spots and TV commercials.

These appeals may be long or short, funny or serious, but they all tell you the same thing—life is short, and death may come at any moment; if you die uninsured, your wife and children could starve. It's the ultimate hard sell, playing on fear of death and on the natural concern for our families.

Contrary to their advertising messages, however, the American insurance industry promotes one of the shrewdest self-enrichment schemes of modern times. Most buyers get screwed because they only look at how much a policy will cost them per year. The *real* difference in cost between similar policies sold by different companies can be enormous over a 20-year period, sometimes as much as $15,000. Of course, the average buyer has no way to figure out this real difference, because insurors have done a fine job of concealing the actual cost of their product from the public.

Imagine walking into a supermarket where no prices were marked on the cans and packages of food. You'd be running the risk of a rude surprise when you finally got to the checkout counter, and that's pretty much the spot you're in when you set out to buy "A Piece of the Rock" or deal with "The All-Hands People."

If insurance is rough for the buyer, consider the plight of the poor guy who peddles it. It's not enough for him to sell you a policy; he's forced to keep hitting on you year after year in order to make enough to live. Don't condemn your local insurance agent. Instead, blame the insurance companies, which set up the commission treadmill that makes it necessary for the agent to sell the same client over and over again.

The worst thing about these insurance abuses is their absolute legality, assuring that the little guy, the agent or buyer, inevitably gets the shaft.

But for the companies themselves, the insurance business is like a license to print $100 bills. In 1979, the last year for which figures are available, Americans owned 407 million life-insurance policies, worth a combined total of $3 trillion.

At the present time, insurance companies in this country own about $464.5 billion in assets. The insurance industry invests these astronomical sums in tens of thousands of businesses. Corporate-bond investments are particular favorites. Metropolitan Life owns more than $25 billion worth of bonds. Prudential is a close second with $20 billion, and 23 other insurance companies each own more than a billion dollars in bonds.

Insurance companies also control the largest chunk of long-term mortgage money in the United States. Sometimes they build their own real-estate developments, like New York Life's enormous Stuyvesant Town housing project in the heart of Manhattan. Other times they're content to lend money to construction firms. When interest rates are high (like right now) and banks are reluctant to lend money, insurance companies reap the benefits. Prudential alone holds $12.8 billion in mortgages. The company's real estate is worth another $2 billion.

Additionally, insurance companies own 4.3% of the voting stock in all American corporations. Equitable Life is one of the five largest shareholders in Union Carbide and Atlantic Richfield. Prudential is *the* biggest stockholder in Union Oil of California, Standard Oil of Indiana, Virginia Electric and Power, and Columbia Gas. The Rock also has big investments in such familiar operations as RCA, Shell Oil, American Airlines and Goodyear. Yet Prudential's stocks add up to only about 8% of the giant company's total assets.

The insurance industry isn't restricted to playing around with its own money either. It manages about $80 billion in pension funds. Equitable and Metropolitan Life are the leaders here, handling more pension assets than any other single institution.

If you've guessed by now that the insurance business has a lot of influence on just about every aspect of American life, you're right. Nine out of ten American families own life insurance, which means those staggering sums previously mentioned come from the pockets of you and your next-door neighbor and the guy who works in the office down the hall.

Although the United States is the

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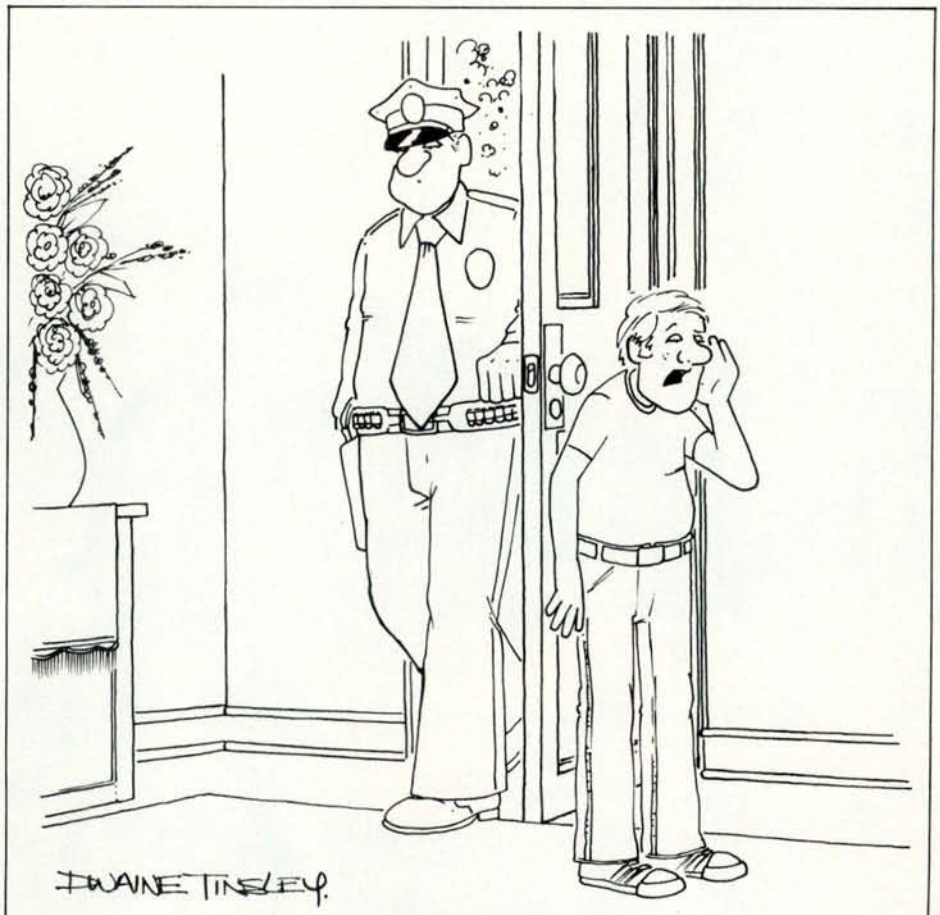
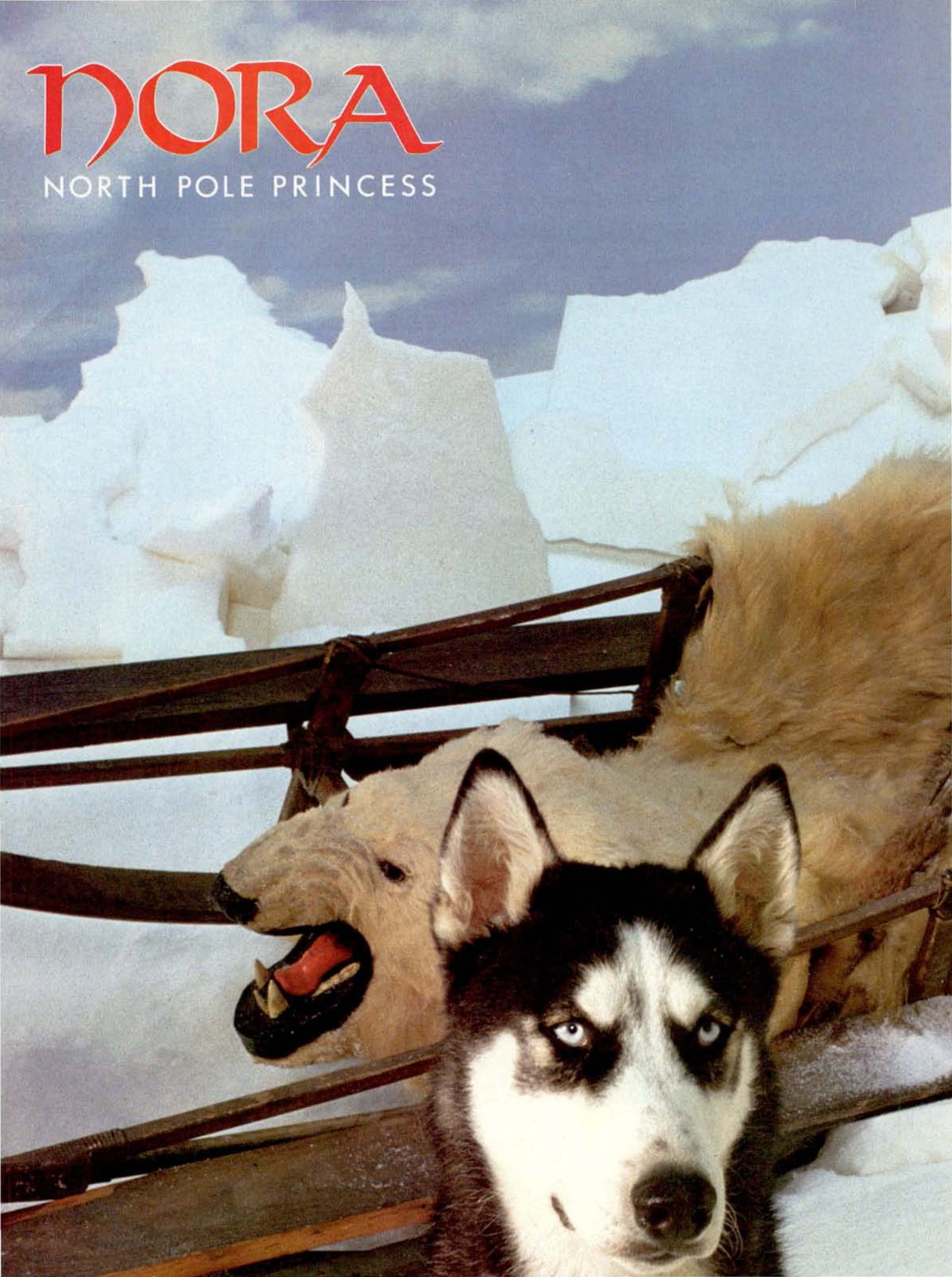


"Hey, Mom—Dad's home! Hide the drugs!"

Collins

NORA

NORTH POLE PRINCESS



Photography by Matti Klatt

Up at the North Pole, where the nights are six months long, Eskimo women have to spend some time alone. "Whenever my man is out hunting, I have to while away the days pleasing myself," says 23-year-old Nora, "and I've learned just how to do it. First, I massage whale oil all over my body to make it smooth and silky and also to keep the chill away. Then I snuggle down into my fur rugs and touch myself all over. My nipples are one of my most sensitive spots, and whenever I rub them, my cunt gets all wet and slippery. I find that keeping in shape this way while my man is away makes me anxious to welcome him back into my igloo." Wouldn't you like to spend a six-month night with Nora?

HUSTLER'S HONEY · FEBRUARY 1982

Do you like to eat
Eskimo pie?
Nora

Three women—a German, a Jew and a Polack—all gave birth to seven-pound baby boys at the same time. The nurses got the babies mixed up somehow and couldn't tell which baby belonged to which mother. After an hour of mass confusion the father of the German baby decided he'd settle the problem. He walked into the nursery and lined up the three infants in a row. He clicked his heels, raised his arm and shouted, "Heil Hitler!" The German baby snapped to attention, the Jewish baby shit, and the Polack baby played in it.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *masochist* as: a person who's starved for affliction.

A cop pulled over a weaving car on a dark country road and asked the driver to step out. "Have you been drinking?" the officer asked.

"No, I wasn't, Ossifer," the man slobbered.

The policeman asked the driver to take a breathalyzer test, but the guy refused. The cop said, "Listen, mister, if you don't cooperate, I'll have to take you in." The officer thought for a moment and then asked, "Do you see that wooden fence over there? If you can walk on top of it for ten feet, I'll let you go."

"Okay," said the man, who staggered over to the fence. Once on top, he took three wavering steps, then fell into a field. On the other side of the fence stood a huge black bull, which began to snort and paw at the ground. The fellow leaped up and grabbed the animal by the horns. There was a furious struggle as the man twisted and pulled the beast's head. Finally, the bull flipped the guy over the fence, where he landed in a heap at the policeman's feet.

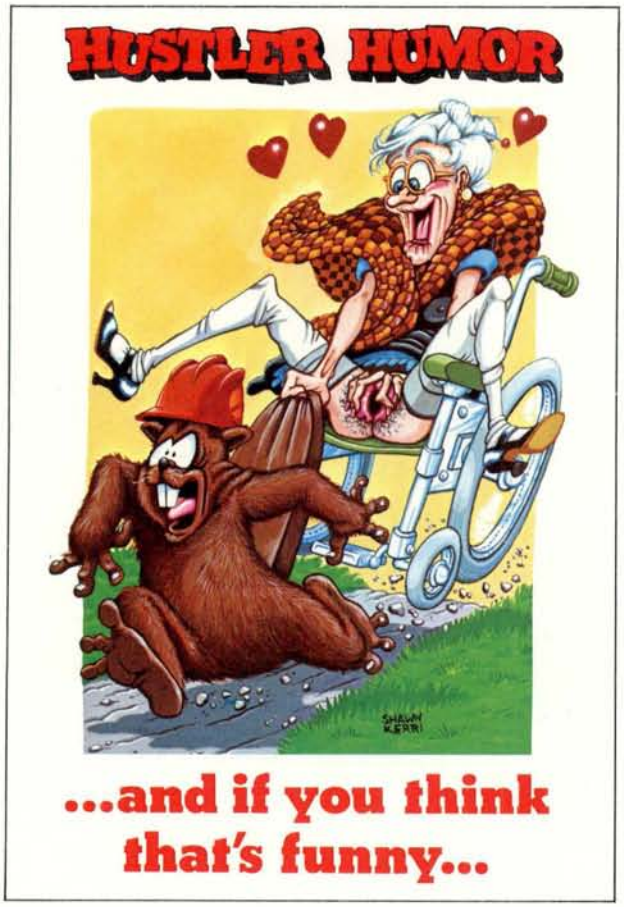
"Take me in, Ossifer," he said.

"Why, mister?"

"Any time I try to take a bicycle away from a black dude that big, I've gotta be drunk."

Even though a fellow was late for his flight, he dashed into the airport men's room, pissed, and quickly headed for the door. At one of the sinks a Marine sergeant was washing his hands. The Leatherneck called to the man, "Hey, buddy, in the Marine Corps they teach us to wash our hands after going to the bathroom."

The fellow stepped back into the men's room and looked at the Marine. "Well, I was in the Navy, Sarge, and they taught us not to piss on our hands!"



A man was walking down the street with a baby ape in his arms when a friend stopped him and asked him what he was doing with a chimp. "I just bought this ape as a pet. We have no children; so he's going to live with us—just like one of the family. He'll eat at the same table with us. He'll even sleep in the same bed with me and my wife."

"But what about the smell?" the friend asked.

"Oh, he'll just have to get used to it, the same way I did."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *nocturnal emission* as: dream cream.

Bill had just returned from a week of honeymooning, and his best friend asked him how it went. "The first night we did it nine times," Bill said. "The second night, eight times. The third night, seven times. The fourth night, six times. The fifth night, five times. The sixth night, four times, and the last night, *nothing!*"

"Nothing?" his pal asked. "How come?"

"Hey, you ever tried putting a marshmallow in a parking meter?"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *safe-deposit box* as: a woman on the Pill.

While taking a stinking shit in a public restroom, a man discovered there was no toilet paper. Noticing someone in the stall next to his, he asked, "Hey, buddy, you got any paper over there?"

"No, sorry," came the reply, "just a small piece for myself."

"Well, how about an envelope or any kind of paper?!" the guy asked.

"No, mister, nothing."

"How about a credit card?" the man inquired.

"Hey, forget it, fella!" the guy in the neighboring stall answered angrily.

There was a long silence. Finally, the man asked in desperation, "How about two fives for a ten?"

Question: How do you know when your girlfriend is getting too heavy?
Answer: When she sits on your face and you can't hear the stereo.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you $50. Sorry, but we cannot return submissions.

CHESTER & HESTER

"Whew! I'm putting on weight! I'll have to stop swallowing so much cum."

HUSTLER PERSONALS

Stop wasting time and cash in bars

Start Chatting

We've found really great, cute girls who just want the same thing you do... **TO HAVE A GOOD TIME.**

Chat With **REAL GIRLS NOW**

right in your area

COME INSIDE

Its time to make things Personal.

Elle
818-3?4-23??

THE SHARK

fiction by j. bradford olesker

They called him Monk, although no one in the decaying wasteland that was Uptown knew exactly why. Some speculated it was because he spoke sparingly. Others pointed to the hulking, forbidding sound of that single-syllable name. Most people didn't really care why he had been so designated. All they cared about was that he didn't cross their paths. It was with good reason that Monk was so feared by residents of the ghetto. His physical size alone was enough to draw stares of awe from even the most jaded city dwellers. He stood 6-5 and weighed 240 pounds, without a single ounce of fat on his bull-like torso. Monk's 20-inch neck and rippling biceps came from years of rigorous weightlifting. Those who were unfortunate enough to have had unfavorable dealings with him in the past crossed to the other side of the street when he appeared on the concrete horizon. Those pitiful souls whose loans were overdue never saw Monk until he was upon them.

illustration by roger bergendorff

Like living memorials to his power, the streets of Uptown teemed with the walking wounded whose jaws he had broken, whose arms he had fractured, whose legs he had cracked.

But most of the maimed—those who walked with a limp or lived with permanently mangled fingers—were customers from long ago. It wasn't that he had grown soft in recent years. Quite the contrary. He enjoyed the use and exhibition of power. If anything, Monk knew the fear of physical pain was what established him as a force in the community. The simple fact was that nowadays it was rarely necessary for him to clench his fist and slam it into a client's jaw.

Above all, Monk was a legend—a living bogeyman to children, a giant to be regarded with fascination by women and the bank of absolutely last resort for the men of Uptown.

• • •

The day had already been going badly for Louie Santuro. He frowned, methodically stroking blue chalk on the tip of his cue. He'd met a kid in Toni's the previous night, and after a few drinks had agreed to score half a pound of Colombian for him. Louie had figured the sale would go a long way toward raising the money he owed Monk.

The kid was supposed to meet him in the pool hall at noon. A glance at his watch told Louie it was almost two, and hopes for a quick buck were fading fast.

His thoughts were interrupted by a sudden stillness. As Louie snapped back to life, his eyes focused on the dozen or so men shooting pool. They stood frozen, as if they were store dummies—cues grasped in their hands, beer glasses held paralyzed in midair. They were all looking in one direction. Then Louie turned and looked with them.

Monk was standing by the door.

He was staring at Louie.

Sound and movement again swirled life into the smoky room, eyes averting, nervous laughter erupting, a few of the regulars slipping out the door.

Monk kept his eyes on Louie, but his mind was making lightning-fast calculations that even he was scarcely aware of. Louie was standing at the rear of the establishment. The side door was out, but he probably had a shot at making the window about ten feet to his left. Monk knew his own size was sometimes a liability. What he possessed in sheer strength created a deficiency in speed.

Still, Monk thought, Louie wouldn't get far even if he made it through the window. Outside was a dead-end alley. Forty or 50 feet and then a chain-link fence. Monk would catch him halfway up the fence.

Monk was barely aware of these thoughts because none of it really mattered, *this* time. Louie wasn't past due on the $2,500 he had borrowed from Monk. Not yet. He had two days left. Still, Monk's subconscious had automatically made the attack-and-destroy calculation anyway. The instinct was too deeply ingrained in him. It was the instinct of the panther, of the tiger, of the killer shark. That was the way it was with Monk.

"Hello, Louie."

To his credit, Louie managed to summon up the balls and strength to continue chalking his cue. He nodded. "Hi, Monk. How's it going?"

"Shouldn't I be asking *you* that?"

Louie smiled to cover the twitch at the corner of his mouth. "Hey, I'm doin' great, man. Great."

"No problems, then?"

"No problems."

"You know what day today is?"

Louie nodded again, his neck aching from looking up at the monster. "Sure. It's Wednesday."

Monk's arm uncoiled like a python—slow, slithering, seething with strength. His fist, the size of a small ham, opened at the same time. Louie watched hypnotized, transfixed, unable to move. When Monk's hand closed again, it was circling Louie's neck.

Monk didn't raise his voice when he spoke. It hadn't been necessary for many years. Only his eyes showed emotion. They were narrow, cruel jet-black slits, like those of a hungry hawk zeroing in on a rabbit.

"Listen," Monk growled, "I don't like no smartasses. If I wanted to know the day of the week, I'd look at a fucking calendar. You knew what I meant, didn't you?"

Unable to draw a breath, Louie nodded.

"Then don't be no smartass, hear?"

Again, Louie nodded.

Satisfied, Monk turned him loose with a shove that sent him crashing against the back wall. The other nine men in the pool hall exhaled a collective sigh of relief. Both fascination and repulsion had compelled them to stay. It was the terror they shared with Louie and yet the thrill of knowing they were safe that caused each man to feel the tingle of urine pressing against his bladder.

Louie leaned against the felt-covered table for support, drawing deep breaths as he recovered from Monk's grip.

"Now," Monk said, "tell me what day it is."

Louie's voice rasped as he spoke. "Two days before payday."

Monk nodded in agreement. "Good. See," he said, lifting his hands, palms upward, "we got no problems. You talk to me like a man, and I treat you like a

(continued on page 86)

"I think you've got too much chlorine in the water."

"Send someone down to see Falwell. Tell him to get off his power trip!"

Photography by Clive McLean

ALICE
and the
QUEEN of HEARTS

J

When the Queen of Hearts saw how Alice *really* looked, she changed her command from "Off with her head," to "Give me some head." Alice was afraid at first, until she saw the queen's lush, naked body and her firm, regal breasts standing erect and seductive. When the queen pulled Alice's panties down, both women entered a Wonderland of sensual delights. Amid the moaning and sighing, Alice learned the real way to please a lady. And like all fairy tales, you can bet this one had a happy ending.

(continued from page 76)

man. You pay me like a man, and I treat you like a man." Monk paused. "You gonna be able to pay me, Louie?"

"For sure, Monk. Absolutely."

"I'm glad to hear that Louie. 'Cause if you don't pay me on Friday, I'm gonna rip your balls off and stuff 'em down your throat."

Monk swung around as he heard the sound of glass scraping against wood. Paco Hernandez had clumsily set his Blatz beer bottle on a tabletop, nervously reacting to Monk's threat. Monk's eyes squinted, his mind working, his body ready.

Paco let loose of the bottle and moved his hand away from it.

"Hey, Paco," Monk said, "how you doing?"

"Fine, Monk."

"Your beer empty?"

Paco nodded.

Monk looked at the bartender. "Give him another beer," he said, turning back to Louie. Wisely, Louie still had not moved.

"Friday, Louie, Friday." Monk headed toward the door, then stopped. Over his shoulder he said, "Don't make me come looking for you."

Then he moved on. He walked past Paco, left a dollar on the bar for his former client's beer and left the pool hall.

* * *

It was almost 10:30 at night when Monk opened the lobby door of his apartment building. The stench of stale food, stale dreams and stale humanity assaulted him immediately.

He curled his nose, just barely managing to react to the odor. "Stinkin' place," Monk said under his breath.

He crossed the lobby's gray, peeling linoleum floor and began climbing the stairs to his third-floor apartment. He could hear voices above. His faultless instincts peaked for a moment, his muscles tensing involuntarily in response, like an animal sensing danger. Then he relaxed. It was only Mr. and Mrs. D'Amato, his neighbors.

He rounded the second-floor landing and focused on the old Italian couple. D'Amato froze for a moment from the sheer shock of seeing Monk. His wife smiled widely, showing a mouthful of wine-stained teeth.

She nodded at him. "Mr. Warshinski, how are you?"

Monk nodded back to her. "Fine." He glanced at the old man, and D'Amato, out of fear and respect, shifted tentatively.

"You comin' back from a date?" Mrs. D'Amato asked.

Monk was about to smile when he saw the woman's husband trying to shush her. Then he didn't feel like smiling anymore. He wondered why the old man tried to silence his wife.

Does he think I don't enjoy a joke? Maybe he thinks I'll bash his old lady's fuckin' head in.

"No, Mrs. D'Amato. No date."

She threw up her arms. "Ten years! Ten years you been here, and I never seen you with a girl. The other tenants got so much action I have to call the cops. But you got no girl." She paused, then cackled. "And I *know* you don't like the boys!"

"Sophia," D'Amato scolded in a whisper.

She looked at her husband. "Whatsamatter?" I said he *don't* like boys. You want to argue with that?"

D'Amato looked at Monk. Monk fixed him with a stare that was capable of melting a block of lead. If the old man wanted to act like a frightened asshole, Monk decided, he'd give him something to be frightened about.

"I—I—" D'Amato stammered.

Monk looked at the woman. "If he ever gets rough with you, Mrs. D'Amato, you let me know. I'll come down and cut his ears off for you."

She let out a shriek of laughter, slapping her hands on her dark-green housecoat. Fearful that Monk was serious, D'Amato opted for a slight smile.

Then Monk trudged up the stairs.

* * *

Vito Marino had many more worries than a 20-year-old should have. The root of those worries was a passion for racing. He'd grown up around horses. His older brother had been a groom before he was wasted in Nam. Vito had spent countless afternoons at the stables. Graduating from the turf to the $20 betting window was a natural step.

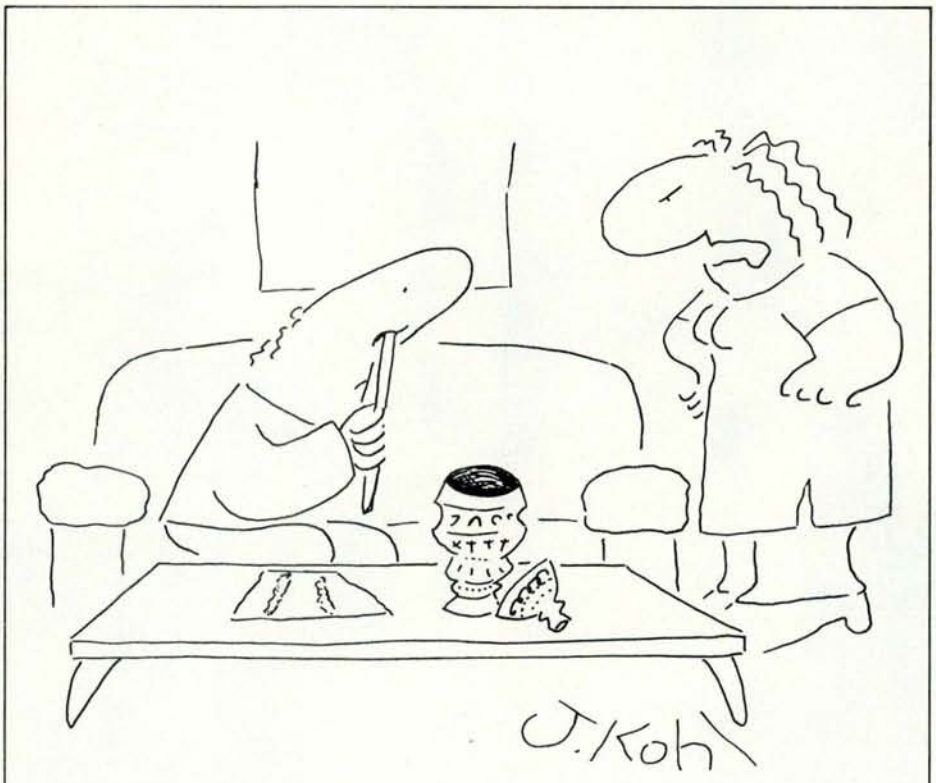
And he'd done pretty well for a while. His knowledge of horses and jockeys enabled him to pull in some nice money. But this last year had been disastrous. He'd lost week after week. Convinced he could ride out the bad streak, he'd borrowed heavily from his family, his friends and finally from Monk. He wasn't worried about his family and friends. They'd wait. Monk wouldn't. He was into him for a grand—an $800 loan and $200 more in interest.

Fate had him thinking about this as he rounded the corner of an apartment building and headed into an alley.

Monk was waiting for him.

Effortlessly, he lifted Vito off the ground and slammed him against the brick wall. Monk's eyes were narrow, his nostrils flared.

"You got my money, fuckhead?"



"Of course you're not getting high, asshole! You're snorting Grandma's ashes!"

THE
UNKNOWN
PERVERT

"Hey," Vito gasped, "take it easy, man."

Monk picked up on the fear in the man's voice. He pulled him away from the wall, then rammed him back into it. Monk could feel Vito's feet dancing, trying to find the ground.

"Just answer my question, Vito."

"Look, I'll get the money."

"You don't understand English too good, Wop. I asked you if you *got* the money."

Vito's eyes were open wide now, darting back and forth, looking for what he knew not. "I—I got some of it, Monk. I got some of it."

"*Some* of it?" Monk hissed. "When you asked for $800, I gave you *all* of it."

"I'll get it. I swear I will."

"I know you will. But today's the day you're supposed to pay me. How come you're hiding from me?"

"I wasn't hiding from you, man. I was gonna—"

"You was gonna what? You're bullshitting me, Vito."

"Look, Monk—"

"How much you got?" Monk dropped him on the ground.

"I got 500."

"Give it to me."

Vito dug in his pocket and handed the crumpled bills to Monk. He stuffed them in his pocket.

"The clock's starting, Vito. Twenty percent a week. You understand?"

"Hey, I got it, Monk. You'll have your money by Monday." Vito looked relieved.

"I know I will. But that wasn't the deal," Monk said in a hush.

With terror clearly in his voice, Vito said, "Look, what's the difference? You make your money off the percentage anyway, right?"

"Don't tell me how to run my business. What bugs the shit out of me is that I had to come looking for you."

Vito felt warmth spreading down his thigh and realized he had pissed on himself. He was going to get beaten. He knew it. There was no getting away from it.

"Yeah," Monk said, "you paid me half, Vito. So I only bust one of your kneecaps."

Vito made the mistake of turning to run. For his effort he was rewarded with Monk's knee rammed into his groin. The boy's eyes went wide with incredible pain. His mouth opened, but no scream escaped. His head all but burst, reeling with agony.

"Stupid," Monk said, watching him. "That was real stupid. You should have settled for just a broken knee. Now you ain't gonna fuck for a month either."

Monk withdrew inside himself, taking his mind away from the situation. Just his body was performing now, working methodically and knowledgeably with no wasted movement. He drew his right hand up and to the left. Then he brought the back of it down across the side of Vito's face. The power of the blow crumpled him to the pavement.

Vito rolled on the ground, his hands still clutching his injured balls. He was on his back, which saved Monk the trouble of reaching down to position him properly. Monk's eyes locked on the boy's left knee. He raised a steel-tipped work boot behind him, paused for a moment and then kicked forward.

Monk's aim was perfect. Like a football placekicker, he had gone through these motions so many times that it was second nature. The steel tip of his shoe caught just under Vito's kneecap, shattering it, driving slivers of pulverized bone and bits of cartilage through tissue and skin.

The kid's eyes closed, unconsciousness mercifully cloaking visible signs of his indescribable pain and agony.

* * *

"Thank you," the teller said, sliding Monk's passbook back across the weathered wood of the counter. The teller knew both Monk and his business. He didn't even want to *think* about where the 500 had come from.

Monk checked the passbook entry, slipped the book into his pocket and left the bank. He trusted banks. There was something sturdy about them. Any institution that attracted large sums of money had to be run by pretty savvy people, he reasoned. Most of all, though, he liked passbooks and the fact that he could know, at a glance, exactly how much money he had—$248,046.16.

Not bad, Monk reflected, for a punk who'd never finished school. He was one year short of 40. Right on schedule. Less than $2,000 to go.

As he crossed Lincoln Avenue, he thought about the $2,500 Louie Santuro owed him. He wondered if the man had any idea that he would fulfill a dream for Monk. A quarter of a million dollars.

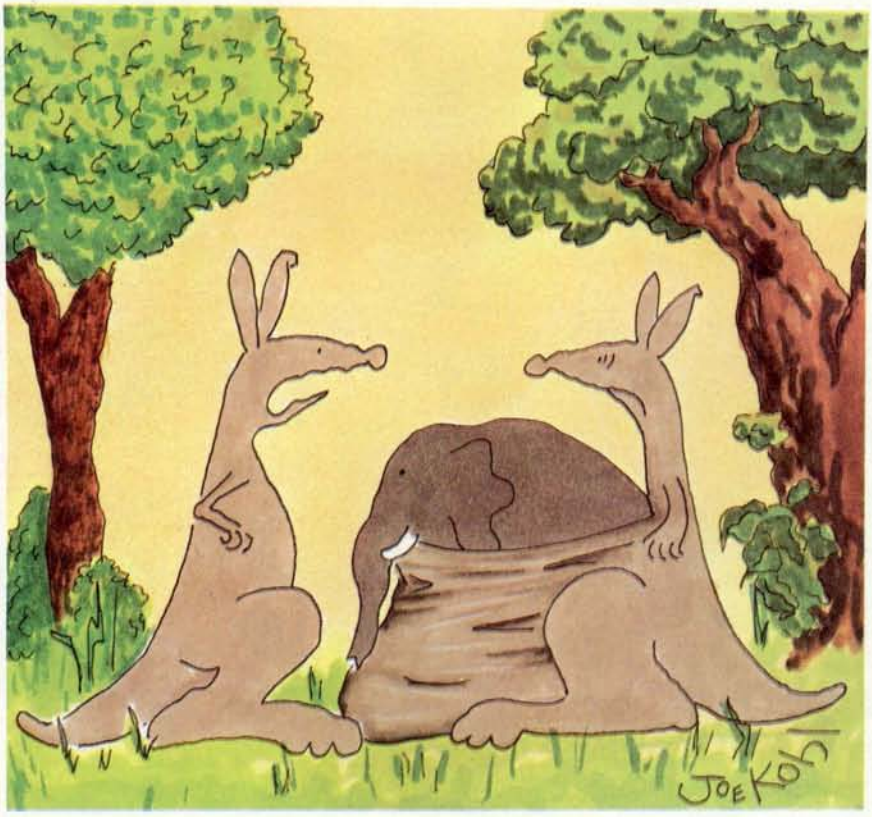
A shrill cry interrupted his thoughts. He glanced around, looked toward the entrance to the alley that lay before him. He heard the cry again, this time louder. As he rounded the corner, he saw three punks—all in their teens. They had a girl surrounded, and one of them had his hand inside her blouse.

"Hey!" was all he had to say. With the speed of youth they scattered, leaving Monk alone with the girl. She was crying, pulling her blouse back together. She didn't seem to notice him.

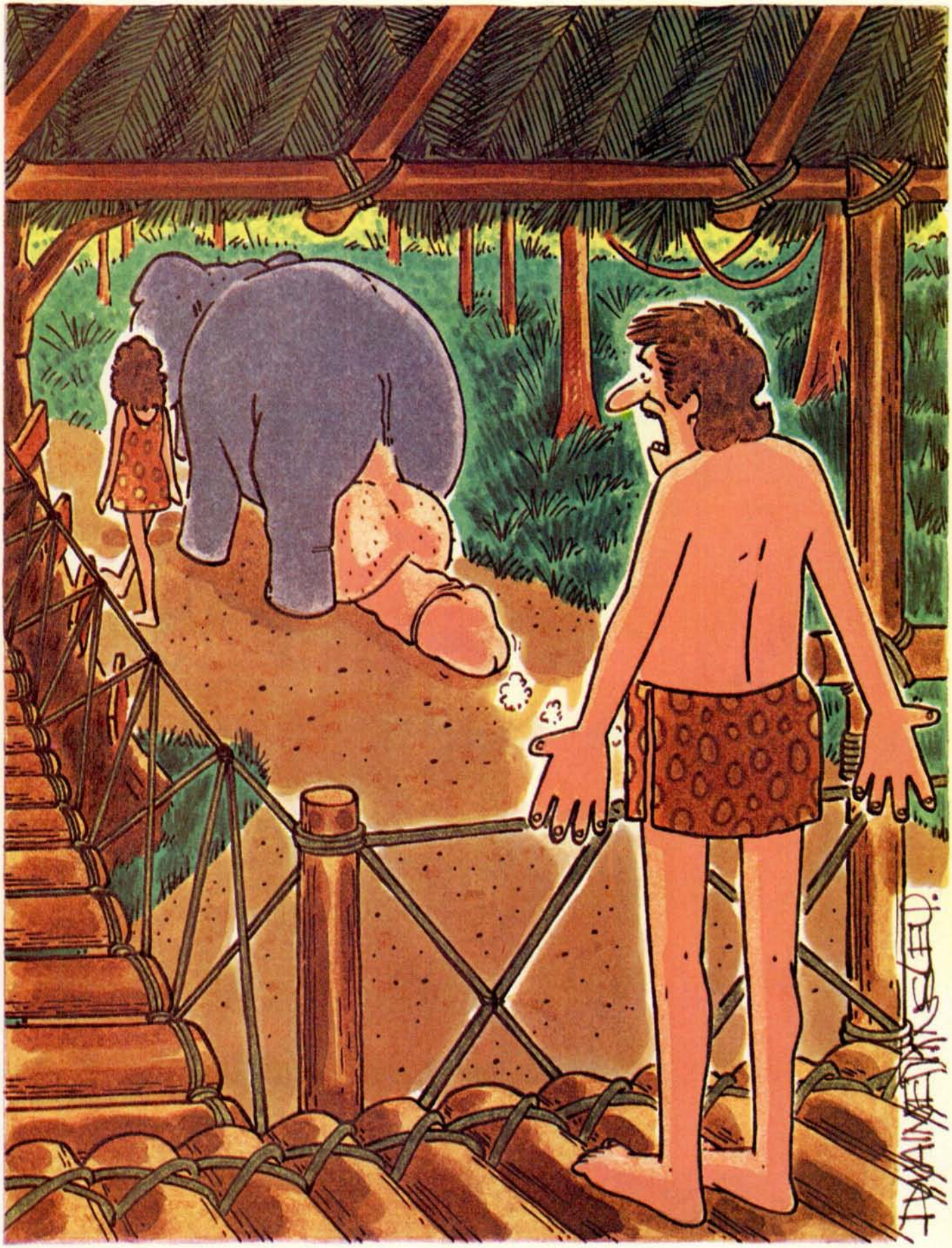
"You all right?" he asked.

She sniffled, running a hand through

(continued on page 98)



"Hey, don't blame me! Adopting was your idea!"



"But what him got that me don't have?!"

Photography by Clive McLean

Whenever life gets too hectic for 22-year-old Carol, she hops on her Honda 200 and heads for the hills. "I'm trying to get a rockabilly band going," she says, "and it's hard with all the rehearsing and organizing. I find that being by myself in a tent in the wilds is one great way to unwind." Even though solo action gets this lady off, she prefers sex with one of her musicians. "They really know how to tune me up," she adds. "I'm sexually uninhibited. Being open-minded about sex brings some pleasant surprises. However, I tend to remain faithful to the man I love . . . if I'm in love at the time. Hey, I might make a song out of that." If you do, Carol, it'll be worth listening to.

(continued from page 88)

long, reddish hair. "Yeah, yeah, I'm fine."

Monk stiffened at the tone of her voice. He turned on his heel, walking back toward the street.

"Wait!" she called.

He glanced over his shoulder at her.

"Can—can you?—"

"What is it?" Monk asked.

"I'm sorry. Nothing. Thank you," she said, her voice warming. "Thank you for helping."

"It's okay." He turned full around, looking at her, sensing something was wrong. "What was it you wanted?"

"My cane," she said. "If you could just help me find my cane."

Monk cocked his head and looked at her, squinting his eyes. Then it dawned on him. He understood why she hadn't looked at him and noticed him. His eyes came to rest on the shattered white cane lying on the ground five feet from her. He frowned, feeling a totally foreign sensation of pity welling in his gut.

Monk walked to the cane and picked it up. "It's broken," he said.

"Figures."

He touched her arm. "Let me help you up."

* * *

Her name was Rachel. Both her parents were dead. She had been blind since birth. She had told Monk all that in the first few minutes they had been sitting together in Paulie's Cafe.

"That's usually the first three questions people ask when they meet me."

"How do you support yourself?"

"That's the fourth question they ask."

Monk smiled.

"My dad was in the Air Force, a career man. He had a pretty good pension. Between that and what I earn doing odd things, I make out."

He was impressed she wasn't on welfare. But that's the way it is, Monk thought. The people who really need a handout never take one.

"You haven't been in the neighborhood long," Monk said. "I haven't seen you around."

"I haven't seen you around either," Rachel replied.

Monk sat there in the booth for a second, not knowing quite how to react. Then Rachel said, "That's a joke."

"Oh," he said, smiling again. And then he did a most remarkable thing, something he had not done in many years, something he had thought he'd forgotten how to do.

Monk laughed.

* * *

Rachel woke to the sound of pigeons cooing the next morning. She liked pigeons, but a lot of people said they were disease carriers. For Rachel they were alarm clocks.

Although she had lived in the apartment for less than a month, she knew where everything was. Things had been arranged so she could easily navigate. In half an hour she was bathed and dressed. She was about to make some coffee when there was a knock at the door.

Rachel opened the door. "Hello, Monk," she said.

He looked at her with surprise. "How did you know it was me?"

"I—I can tell."

He thought about it for a moment, then realized he was wearing the same shirt he'd worn the day before. It was his smell, he decided.

"I'm sorry," he mumbled.

"For what?"

"For me. I didn't have time to shower." He paused uncomfortably. "I—I'm not around women very much."

"Forget it," Rachel said, stepping out of the doorway. "Come in. I was about to make coffee." As he passed by, she caught an even stronger smell and said, "Mmmmm, whatever you've got in that bag sure smells better than coffee."

Monk patted the white sack he was carrying. "Egg McMuffins."

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"Fantastic!" Rachel said, and she closed the door.

During breakfast, as they got to know one another better, Monk talked about some of the ways of his profession.

"But that's awful," Rachel declared, chomping down the last of the hash browns. "You actually beat up people?"

"Not too much nowadays. Most of them pay up on schedule. Once in a while I get a welsher or a slow payer."

"And you really beat up on them?"

"I have to. If I didn't, the word would get out."

"What word?"

"That I'm a soft touch. That happened to a guy I once knew in Detroit. Detroit Hymie was his name."

"Detroit Hymie?!" Rachel squealed. "You've got to be kidding me. That sounds like something out of a Humphrey Bogart movie. Detroit Hymie?!"

"Honest," he laughed, infected by her childlike enthusiasm. "I guess the movie people have to get their material from somewhere." He gulped at what was left of his coffee. "Anyway, that's what happened to him. He had about five grand floating to a guy whose mother had cancer; you know, hospital bills and all. Well, Hymie went soft. He stopped the clock."

"The clock? What's the clock?"

"Interest. A guy's late, you start the interest clock. My clock is 20% a week."

"A week! That's terrible, Monk!"

"What's so terrible? I provide a service. People come to me when they can't borrow anywhere else. They can always borrow from Monk. They have to pay for that service. I'm a businessman."

She leaned forward, resting her chin on her hands. "Tell me about Hymie."

"Yeah, well, he went soft, stopped the clock. The word got out, and pretty soon he had a real shit pot." Monk paused. "Sorry. He had a real mess on his hands. Everyone he had dough out to was laying sob stories on him. Hell, he ended up spending more time listening to problems than lending money."

He watched Rachel for a moment, trying to gauge whether she was impressed or revolted by all of this. It was, he decided, a combination of the two. He wanted her to be impressed.

Monk leaned back in his chair. "But I'm getting out of sharking."

"Hah!"

"What's that mean?"

"I don't believe you. Everyone says, 'I'm giving up cigarettes,' or 'I'm quitting dope,' or 'I'm—I'm giving up sharking.' "

"Hey," he said, "I'm serious. I *am* giving up sharking."

Rachel tilted her head toward him, measuring. Then she said, "You really mean that, don't you?"

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"Monk don't lie." He let it sink in for a second. "Listen, I've been sharking for 18 years. That's a long time. When I started, I laid down a goal. I'm almost there."

"A goal?"

"I wanted to accumulate a certain amount of money. I've almost got it. It's enough that I can dump the rat's nest I live in, move out of the city and live comfortably on the interest for the rest of my life."

"I'm impressed," Rachel said. Monk pulled back with a jerk as Rachel suddenly reached out for him. "What's wrong?" she asked, sensing his retreat.

"Nothing," he said, his voice giving him away.

"I just want to touch your face."

"Oh, yeah, sure."

Rachel grinned. "I won't hurt you."

Monk smiled at that, finding the idea of a 110-pound woman hurting him rather amusing. And yet he was nervous, off balance. It was something he was not accustomed to dealing with. He could deal with fists and welshers and shitheads. But he wasn't used to a woman—and a handicapped woman at that.

The tips of her fingers touched his cheek. They were the softest things Monk had ever felt. He looked at her face—straight red hair framing high cheekbones, a thin nose and full lips. Rachel's fingers traced the long line of Monk's jaw, ending at his chin.

"You have a fine face, a big face," she added. "You're a very big man."

The corner of his mouth curled into a smile.

"Pity the poor men who don't pay you on time," she said.

She moved her fingers across his chin, curling them so that only one remained to slide over his bottom lip.

Monk felt a tight knot in his belly, a stirring in his groin. He let his mouth open slightly, while his eyes wandered down to look at Rachel's long neck and her blouse's plunging neckline. Her hand went to his neck, her fingers again curling outward so she could graze her nails across his rough skin.

"You feel so strong," she said, her voice husky.

Monk watched as her tongue darted across her upper lip. He waited. He wanted to wait because he had to make certain. There shouldn't be any mistake, Monk thought. He owed a blind woman the benefit of the doubt.

The doubt was erased when her other hand reached out, touched his pant leg and slid up into his warm crotch. Then Rachel wrapped her hand around Monk's pulsing cock, caressing it. Her mouth opened wide.

(continued on page 106)

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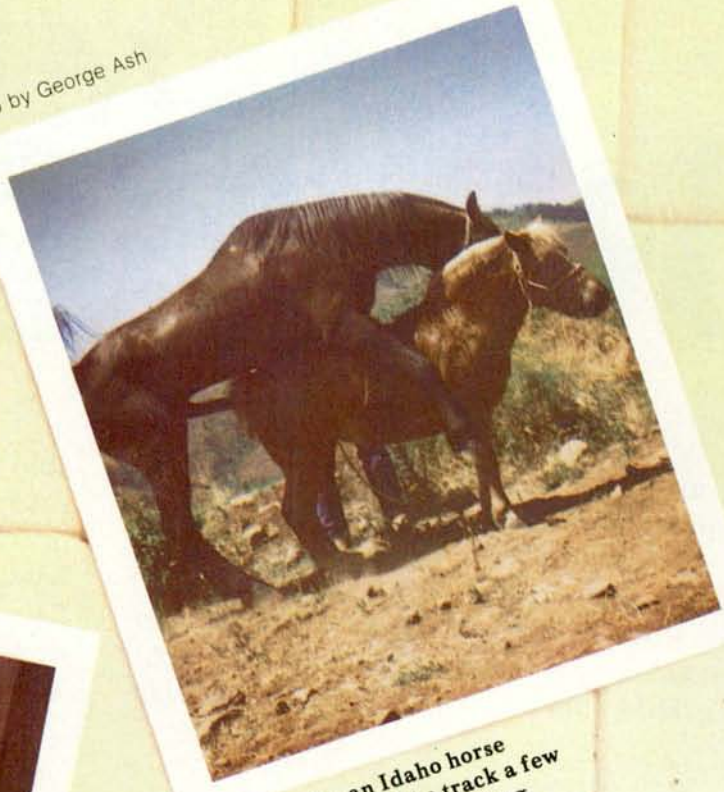
Photo by James Osborne

Pee Wee's Girl, 19, is a college student from Justiceville, Kentucky, who likes music and sports. Her sexual fantasy is "making love 24 hours a day in the great outdoors."

Photo by Lover

Catherine, 23, is a student from Fayetteville, North Carolina. Her hobbies are plants and motorcycles, and she dreams of "sailing the ocean with my lover, kissing for hours and hours."

Photo by George Ash



Megga Stud is an Idaho horse who's been around the track a few times. When he's not breeding with his girlfriend, he dreams of getting it on with his friend Flicka.

Photo by Bruce Hendricks

West Palm Beach, Florida, is where you'll find Delania, a 21-year-old housewife and mother. Her hobbies are arts and crafts, swimming, and listening to music, and she fantasizes about "making love under a waterfall."

Photo by Husband

Sandy Hendricks, 29, of Pasadena, Texas, likes astrology, poetry and cooking. Her fantasy is to live in a nudist colony so she can "enjoy all the natural things in life."

Photo by Hektor

M. A., a 29-year-old computer operator from Middletown, Ohio, likes to cook, sew and play chess. Her fantasy is "to get it on with Cincinnati Reds pitcher Mario Soto on the mound at Riverfront Stadium."

Angel is a 26-year-old dancer who enjoys reading and crocheting. She lives in Milan, Illinois, and fantasizes about "doing it on a large sandy beach."

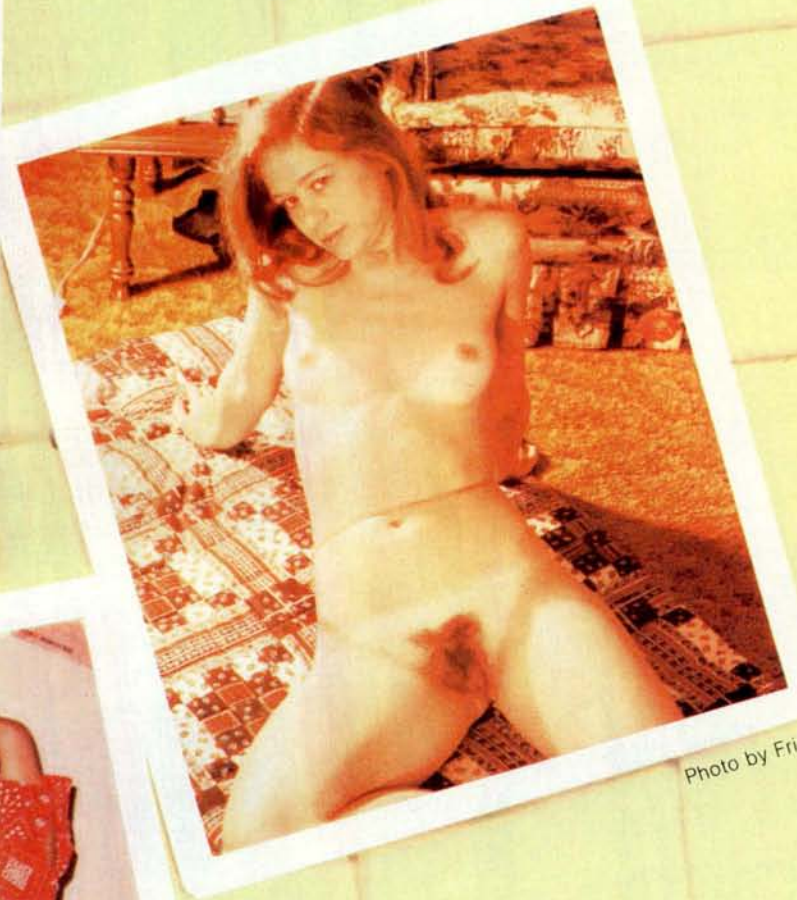
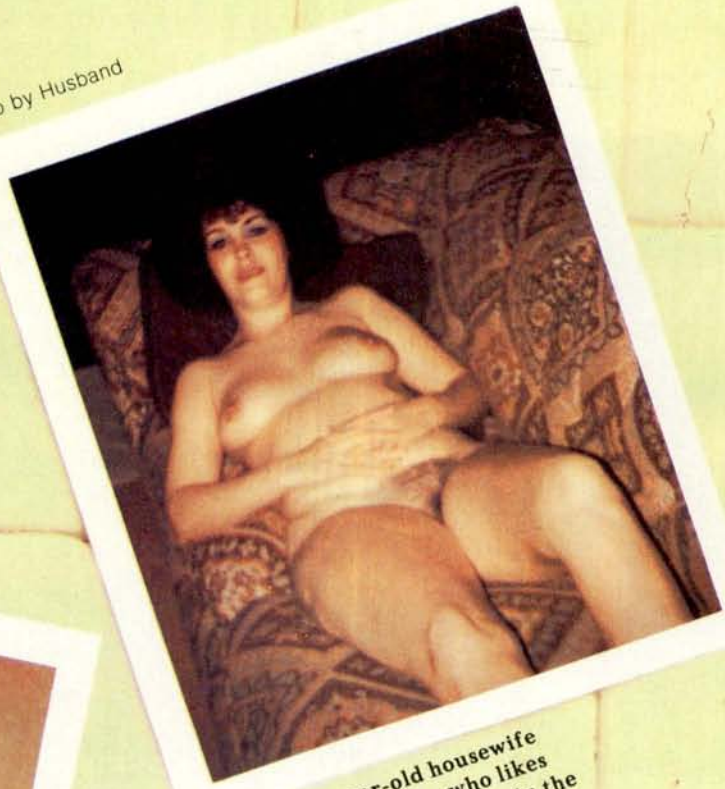


Photo by Friend

Photo by J. R. Standard

D. S. is a 22-year-old Kansas girl who's into tennis, bicycling, poetry and men. Her favorite fantasy is to be a HUSTLER Honey, but meanwhile she'll settle for "screwing my husband four times a day."

Photo by Husband



"Cinnamon" is a 29-year-old airline employee from the Deep South who likes roller-skating and sunbathing. Her fantasies are to make love to her husband till dawn and to be a HUSTLER centerfold.

Photo by Friend

M. R. is a 34-year-old housewife from Wichita, Kansas, who likes to bowl, swim, and sunbathe in the nude. Her fantasy is to make love to another man and her husband at the same time.

Photo by Husband

Roller-skating and playing guitar are what keep L. J., a 24-year-old housewife, busy. She resides in Mishawaka, Indiana, where she dreams about being sexually aroused in public places.

One for the Ladies

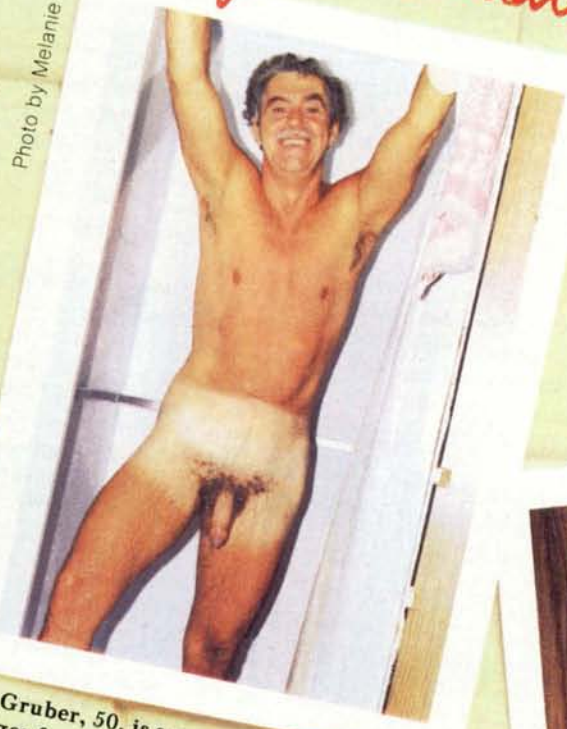


Photo by Melanie King

F. X. Gruber, 50, is a gym manager from Cheektowaga, New York, who says his hobbies are bobsledding, swimming and tennis. His fantasy is "to fuck a different tuna in each of the 50 states."

Texas is home to L. M., a 21-year-old housewife who's into swimming and "flirting with good-looking men." Her sexual fantasy is "to pose for HUSTLER's loyal readers."

Photo by Friend

Photo by Jerry

Barb Schmidt is a 27-year-old barmaid from North Ridgeville, Ohio, who enjoys collecting sexy outfits and lingerie. Her fantasy, having her picture published in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt*, has been fulfilled.

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BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest—see page 101. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

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Model's Name/Name to be published

Address

Date of Birth Phone (include area code)

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

Send prize to: ☐ Model ☐ Other

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Model's Legal Signature Date

Model's Social Security Number

THE SHARK

(continued from page 100)

"You're huge," she said in genuine amazement.

Monk drew closer, touching her for the first time. His hand closed around her left breast, and as it did, she tilted her head back, luxuriating in being stroked. He pinched her nipple through the fabric of the blouse and in response felt her grip tighten on his penis.

"Feels so good," she moaned. "Oh, it feels so damned good."

With surprising speed, Monk had her blouse undone and her bra unsnapped. Her breasts sprang forth and were free for but a second. He clamped his lips over one of them, sucking greedily at the silver-dollar-size areola.

When Monk opened his eyes, he noticed Rachel was working on herself with one hand and squeezing his cock with the other. She'd hiked up her skirt and slipped her fingers under the elastic band of her panties.

He almost came at that very moment, so great was his excitement at seeing Rachel manipulating herself. Instead, he pulled her hand away from his shaft.

"What's wrong?!" she asked. "What is it?!"

"Nothing, nothing," Monk replied. "I . . ." He groped for words, not wanting her to know he'd almost lost control. "I want to suck your cunt."

"Oh, shit!" she screamed with excitement, almost ripping her panties off. "Oh, please, please suck it!"

He was on the floor before he knew it, his face buried between her legs. Almost immediately, Monk's head was spinning from the sweet, musky aroma. His tongue jabbed at her like a snake's, traveling the length of her erect clitoris.

"Oh, more, more!" Rachel cried. "Suck me, Monk! Bite me! Suck me! Lick it with your tongue! Don't stop! Don't ever stop."

His tongue ached, but the electric charge of the moment sustained him. Monk could feel her beginning to shudder, and the instinct that had guided him all his life moved his hand up to her ass. Bathing his fingers in the juices he found pooled there, he probed her asshole and felt it pucker in response.

"Oh, do it, Monk! Do it! How did you know?! How did you know?!"

He eased his fingers up into her anus, increasing the tempo of his licking. As he buried his finger up to the second joint, he began using all of his tongue, not just the tip.

"I—I'm going to come!" Rachel shouted. "I'm going to come!"

As if that were his cue, Monk rammed his finger all the way up her butt, feeling the sphincter muscles close around it. He moved his head away, keeping his finger in her ass, and slipped his cock into the hot cavern of Rachel's cunt. He slammed into her, his massive balls crashing against her thighs while his fingers worked in and out of her rectum.

A dozen times he shoved the length of his enormous, slithering cock into her. She kicked her legs up into the air, wrapping them around his sinewy sides. Her head jerked back and forth on the floor as Monk pummeled both her openings.

And then she screamed as the orgasm hit her with an intensity she had never known. For a moment, Monk was afraid he'd actually hurt her. But he didn't have long to think about it. He could feel the ribbed muscles of her vagina as they grabbed at him, grasping at his cock, ripping the cum from deep inside him. He spewed endlessly into Rachel, filling her with his semen. Still he came, and it flowed out of her, down the crack of her ass, across her thighs.

When his shaft had spasmed for the last time, when their bodies shivered their last jolt, they collapsed against each other. After long moments, Rachel got her breath back. She held Monk tightly, pressed her lips to his ear and whispered, "I don't want you to beat up people anymore."

* * *

Louie Santuro held the .22 in his hand, examining it with a critical eye. He looked up and said, "It's too much, Manny. I'll give you 35."

The fence reached out for the weapon. "Don't do me any favors."

Louie pulled it out of his reach. "Forty bucks and that's it."

"You're joking," Manny replied. "You're not exactly dealing from a position of strength, kid. You need the piece a lot worse than I need your 50."

Louie arched a questioning eyebrow.

Manny answered, "Everybody knows you're into Monk. Hell, you're lucky I'm not charging you 75."

"You're all heart, Manny."

"Hear what he did to poor Vito?"

"I heard. I heard. You probably told Monk where he was."

Manny grabbed for the pistol. "Hey, I don't have to listen to shit like that."

"All right," Louie said. "I'm making a fuckin' joke."

"That's what Monk'll make out of your face tomorrow."

Louie stuffed the pistol into his waistband, pulled some bills from his pocket and handed them to Manny. "Not as long as I got this he won't."

* * *

Monk opened his eyes. It was light in Rachel's bedroom. He moved not a mus-

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cle. Rachel was sleeping in the crook of his arm, and he didn't want to risk waking her. From the corner of his eye he glanced at his watch. It was almost eight.

He closed his eyes again and thought about the last 24 hours. He'd had a lot of women when he was in the Navy. But that was different. That had been fucking. This had been making love. For the first time he really understood the difference. Afterward, Rachel and Monk went to the lake. They walked along the water's edge for hours, talking about nothing and everything. Monk spoke to her as he had no other person. She had broken through the impenetrable wall he had erected between himself and the rest of civilization. Now that she had breached that barrier, Monk's deepest feeling came flooding out to her.

Later that night, after they'd made love again, Monk went out to pick up some chicken. He was waiting for the order when he realized he wanted to marry Rachel.

"I was standing in that line at Kentucky Fried Chicken," he told her when he returned to her apartment, "and I was feeling sick in my stomach because we were apart. I don't ever want us to be apart again. I want you to marry me, Rachel."

"Marry you?!" she gasped. For a terrible second, Monk was worried he'd been wrong about what she felt for him. "Oh, Monk, you're crazy. You've only known me for—"

"Long enough," he said. "I've never felt this way about anyone, and I know I never will again. I want us to be married."

And after a bucket of chicken and another hour in bed, Rachel agreed.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked.

He turned in the bed, startled. "How did you know I was awake?"

"I just do," Rachel said. "Now what were you thinking about?"

"About you." He paused, then added, "About how much I love you." Monk laughed. "Funny. I always thought it would be so hard to say that. But with you it's easy."

Rachel ran her hand along the hard, rippled rock that was his bicep. She leaned closer, kissed the muscle and said, "I love you too." Then she slid her head down his chest, across his belly, searching eagerly for his already-erect cock.

* * *

Monk poured a second cup of coffee for her. "You're still mad," he said.

"I'm not mad," Rachel answered. "I'm scared."

He smiled, then realized she couldn't see his smile. "Don't be scared. I'm a big boy."

"Allow me."

"Something will happen, Monk. I just know it." Rachel drew a deep breath and said, "This is the first time in my life something really good has happened. And now it's going to be taken away."

"Nothing is going to be taken away."

"It will. I'll lose you. Either you'll beat up that guy and get caught by the police or—"

He placed a finger to her lips. "Nothing's going to happen. It's just a routine collection like thousands of others. The only difference is it's my last one."

"I know," Rachel said, "that's exactly what I'm worried about."

* * *

Monk had taken care of all loose ends. He'd told Mrs. D'Amato he was leaving, that she could rent the apartment to someone else. To make up for the short notice he let her keep all the furniture and tossed in 500 bucks as a going-away present. The old woman kissed him and started crying.

He stopped at the bank and had all his savings converted into a cashier's check, much to the hysteria of the bank's officers. Finally, he'd driven to Rachel's apartment to see how she was doing with her packing.

"Don't worry about your clothes," Monk said. "I'll buy you all new things when we get to Colorado."

"Colorado? I'll probably freeze my butt off."

"I'll get you some furs," he said. "You'll love Colorado."

Then she turned toward him and, with fear heavy in her voice, said, "I'll never get to Colorado."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means I'll never get there without you. If you leave now, if you go try to collect from that guy, I know you won't be coming back."

"Don't talk like that, Rachel."

"It's true!" she shouted. The conviction in her voice made Monk think.

"Look, this is something I've got to do for myself," he explained. "I've been in this business for 18 years, and I've had one goal. One more collection and—"

"I thought *I* was good enough to take the place of that goal."

"You are," he said. "But if I punked out now, after being this close, I just couldn't live with myself."

Rachel blinked heavily, forcing back the tears.

"I'll be back in an hour," Monk promised, opening the door. "Be ready to go."

* * *

It had started to rain, the kind of cold, bone-chilling drizzle Chicago was known for. Monk weaved his car through the streets of Uptown. He would be glad to leave, to be rid of the filth and the pollu-

tion and the human decay. He would miss no one. He and Rachel would live a great life for the next 30 or 40 years. She was a good woman, and he would be good to her in return.

Monk pulled to the curb, got out and walked into the pool hall. He went to the table where Sonny Roma was shooting. Monk wrapped his hand around Sonny's neck and spun him around.

Staring him in the eyes as the others in the hall spread out, Monk said, "You heard about what I did to Vito Marino?"

Sonny nodded.

"You want that to happen to you?"

"No," Sonny whispered.

"Good. Now tell me where Louie's hiding."

"I—"

Monk tightened his grip on Sonny's neck. "I don't ask the same question twice, Wop."

"Okay, okay. He's holed up in an abandoned building."

"Where?"

"Hull Street."

"Which building on Hull Street?"

Sonny hesitated, then said, "The red-and-white brick."

Monk let go, pushing him against the table. "Smart boy," he said, and left the pool hall.

• • •

It's raining harder, Louie Santuro thought, listening to drops pounding against the windows. Some of the panes were broken, and he shivered a little in the cold. *I won't have to wait much longer. Monk's predictable. He'll come looking for me first. When he can't find me, he'll go to the pool hall and muscle Sonny. He knows Sonny's my closest friend.*

Louie smiled to himself. It was a perfect setup. Sonny had agreed to play along, to tell Monk where he was hiding. Louie tugged at the cold steel butt of the revolver in his waistband. He'd be a neighborhood hero for knocking off Monk.

• • •

Peering past the windshield wipers, Monk turned right and headed up Hull Street. It was flanked by three-story apartment buildings on either side. Rows of barren maple trees stood like sentinels along the glistening sidewalks. The red-and-white brick building was on the left, halfway up the block. Monk pulled to the curb and got out.

He looked up and down the street. It was quiet—still too early for kids to be out of school or for fathers to be home from work. It was a good time for a collection. Monk approached the building.

He stopped in the doorway, catching a glimpse of himself in the smashed half panel of glass left in the front door. A jagged reflection stared back at Monk. He looked up the side of the building, wondering what floor Louie was hiding on. Broken windows gaped down at him.

The rain pelted his face, washing over it, refreshing him. Monk felt good as he thought about Rachel and how they'd made love and all the times they'd make love in the years to come.

"One more time," he'd told her,"just one more collection." He remembered the fear in her voice. Monk chased those thoughts away as he reached for the door and stepped into the lobby of the abandoned apartment building, catching the sound of a rat scurrying in the distance.

The lobby was dark and dank and smelled of the urban blight to which he had almost grown numb. But now, after knowing Rachel, he was no longer numb. Monk could feel again. He could taste and hear and smell again. It was as if all her wonderfulness gave him something tangible to compare against the city's squalor.

Monk inhaled deeply, smelling the puke of the sewer he had lived in for 18 years. Suddenly, he felt a surge of revulsion that made him whirl around and depart the premises.

Outside in the rain, he glanced over his shoulder, looked up at the building one last time and said to himself, "Okay, Louie, you get off. You keep the dough, kid. I'll take Colorado and Rachel and the 248 grand and call it even." Then he scuttled down the sidewalk, got into his car and quickly drove away.

• • •

Hours later, Louie was still hiding on the second floor of the abandoned apartment building on Hull Street. He'd be waiting a lifetime for a showdown that would never come.

Monk and Rachel had already passed Springfield, driving west on Highway 55. "But you told me it was so important to you," the blind woman said, after Monk explained how he had deliberately forsaken his lifelong goal rather than take a needless risk.

"It used to be," he replied. "But there was something else more important—being able to walk away with my head held proud. This way there are no losers, only winners."

Rachel nuzzled her cheek against his brawny neck. "You know who's the biggest winners?" she purred.

"No, who?"

"The two of us, you big dope," she said. "You'd have to be blind not to see that."

Rachel couldn't see the big grin on Monk's face, but she didn't really have to. The car shook with his resounding laughter.

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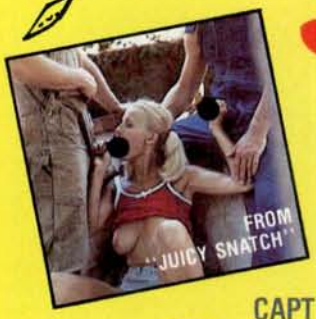

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LIFE INSURANCE

(continued from page 60)

most heavily insured country on earth, it doesn't follow that Americans choose their coverage wisely. In fact, most do not. Many of us are underinsured when we're young, and overinsured later on. The insurance industry—which is obsessed with selling as much coverage as possible—isn't about to tell you how much you really need. If you want to know how much and what kind of insurance to buy, and where to buy it, you need to know something about how life insurance actually works.

TYPES OF INSURANCE

You've called your insurance agent in to discuss your family's coverage. You, your wife and the agent are sitting in the living room with a bunch of blank policies spread out on the coffee table. The policies are filled with microscopic print and written in language it would take a Supreme Court justice to understand. *You* don't understand it, and chances are, neither does your agent.

There's a good reason why life-insurance contracts are written in such complex language. Most insurance firms don't want you to know exactly what coverage you're getting, or how your new policy differs from your old one.

A concerned individual who attacked this practice is Herbert Denenberg, a consumer reporter for Philadelphia's WCAU-TV. He's also the author of *Herb Denenberg's Smart Shoppers' Guide*, a book that tells how to avoid getting ripped off when you're buying insurance or just about anything else.

Back in the early '70s Denenberg was Pennsylvania's state insurance commissioner. One day he came up with a startling and original idea: Life-insurance companies should be *required* to provide policies ordinary people could read.

"The biggest problem with the insurance industry is that it never wants to do anything for the first time," Denenberg says today. "I had to force insurance companies to come up with reforms. They thought it wasn't possible to write a readable policy. If something hasn't been done before, they don't want to do it."

Denenberg gave insurors a simple choice: Write readable policies, or stop selling insurance in Pennsylvania, the nation's fourth-most-populous state. To nobody's surprise, the companies figured out how to simplify their policies.

When you cut through the fine print on your own policy, you'll find it provides you with either *term* or *cash-value* coverage. These are the two basic kinds of life insurance sold in this country.

(continued on page 126)

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays $100 on publication for six-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

VIEW FROM THE CLOSET

by Ron Givens

I married Jan when I was 29 and she was 18. She was a good-looking virgin just out of high school—working as a short-order waitress in a Butte, Montana, drive-in—while I was in business with my dad, running a backhoe and a couple of skip-loaders.

Three years later Jan and I were still having sex nearly every day, sometimes both morning and night. I liked (and still like) doing it to Jan—the way she purrs, the feel of her slim body building to a climax, the sounds she makes when she comes. And, above all, this special little look she gives me after I pull out—a satisfied, loving smile that really makes a guy feel like something hot.

So you can imagine how surprised I was one morning, lying on her belly with my cock still inside her, when she said, "Ron, do you ever think you need—well, more experience sometimes?"

Now, having served a hitch with the Marine Corps in the South Pacific, experience is one thing I never thought I was short on. As a matter of fact, I'd kind of felt relieved to settle in with Jan and not have to go through with the hunt-and-chase crap all the time. While the nookie was always fine, it was the before-and-after shit I got tired of.

"No," I told her. "Why?"

Well, Jan got to explaining how she'd been having these "thoughts" lately. Not that she was tired of me, see, but she wanted to know about other men, other cocks, stuff like that. Sometimes she'd read my men's magazines (mostly HUSTLER); so she knew that lots of other women were "opening up" too . . . that's how she put it. She showed me this one article that described the following scenario: A couple would go to a nightclub, and the wife would take a stool at the bar. Pretty soon a man—or two men—would start talking to her, and then along comes the husband like he doesn't even know her. In a little while everybody's in a motel room fucking their brains out.

To be honest, the thought of getting into a car with two guys intent on making it with my wife was a little more than I was ready to take. I considered it for a few weeks, though, and got to thinking about how much Jan *really* loved sex. And it occurred to me that it might be pretty exciting to see if she could get turned on even more. Of course, I still liked to think that wasn't possible. But because I loved her so much, I ended up rigging a set of venetian doors in the walk-in closet, repositioning our double bed and hanging a couple of small spotlights over it. I told Jan it was okay as long as she went out and brought the men home, and as long as I got to watch.

I can't tell you how it felt to be waiting in that dark, musty closet, not knowing who she'd be bringing home. It seemed like hours went by past the time we agreed she should return. *Maybe she's gone off to a motel,* I thought, *or they're doing it in the car, or the guy talked her into going to his place.* Then I thought, *Maybe she's chickened out.* That kind of cheered me up.

Just then I heard the car door slam—two doors, really—and Jan giggling as she fumbled with the house key. Then a man's voice—low and deep and kind of cocky. What I wanted to do was come roaring out of that closet. But no—I'd made an agreement. Besides, hearing the two of them gave me an instant erection. I heard them in the other room loosening up, and Jan sure didn't sound like a very shy lover—oohing and aahing and moaning and then, plain as day: "Oh, I've got to have *that.*"

It got very quiet, and I wondered if he was doing her right in the living room. Finally, the door to the bedroom opened, and she switched on the spotlights. It made him laugh to see the bed all lit up like a department-store display. At first I could see only Jan, in her black-lace panties—those long, tanned legs and that pair of tits, jutting and firm like Bo Derek's.

I nearly passed out when she led this short *black* guy in by his cock—I mean, that's what she had hold of coming through the door. She tugged him toward the bed, but he didn't seem to be in a hurry, laughing and teasing her, calling her his "hot white pussy." Jan flopped on the bed and spread her legs wide, lifted her hips and then brought her legs together, pleading with the guy to take her panties off—those panties I'd been in so many times! When she raised up for him, they got caught in the crack of her tight ass; so she just reached down and tore them off.

Jan had her legs up and her knees spread wide. Holding up her butt with her hands, she begged the guy to stick his prick into her wet pussy. "No, baby," he answered. "You're too fast for

Illustration by Alan Daniels

me." He dropped to his knees, and I could see his dark head move slowly in between her thighs. Her hips grinding, she clawed the mattress with her fingernails, her head thrashing from side to side. It was like I wasn't around, even though she knew I was only about ten feet away, stroking my throbbing rod all the while. She arched her back high, and I could see him hanging on to her flanks. His black hands went easing up her body till he could grab her tits. When he did, she exploded with a cry.

Now Jan lay back, panting, and the man stood up beside the bed. "Your turn," he said. She eagerly ran her lips around the tip of his erect penis and tried to swallow it. I saw her working her mouth to take more, and I could hear her slurping sounds. She was excited at first, and then a little desperate as she couldn't get enough of that cock into her mouth. I saw that she was feverishly fingering her hard clit, while he just stood there with his legs spread, hands on hips, watching her. "Don't you get any at all, sugar?" he asked.

She tried to speak, but mostly she was sucking in as much of that dick as she could. Me—I was paralyzed, beating my meat with a steady rhythm. I kept thinking, *This is my wife; this is Jan!* I mean, I tried to keep thinking like that, because I had never seen her so hot.

While Jan was blowing him, she brought herself off three times with her finger. Tears were running down her cheeks, and it was as if she were trying to screw her ass into the bed and didn't know what she wanted. Did she want to lie back and take him in her cunt, or continue to deep-throat him? Finally, she pulled her mouth away from his prick and commanded, "Fuck me!"

I came to a stop right there. It's one thing to watch your wife bobbing up and down on a stranger's cock and having her come with her fingers. It's another thing to be looking at a dick creeping across your own bed like a torpedo, up between your woman's spread legs, with the guy taking his time and confident he's going to get the job done.

It was like being split right in two. One side of me was about ready to burst out of the closet and put a stop to it all. But the other side said, "Yeah, fuck her crazy. Put it to her."

Then he was easing into her, and all I could think was, *Boy, she's nice and loose*. He slipped into her like a knife cutting butter, and Jan was sobbing and screaming in a muffled way, biting into the pillow. She relaxed then, and I could see the guy's cock going in and out and in as if there were no man attached to it at all. At this point he slapped against Jan and lifted her up, wriggled around and pulled back. He gained speed like a locomotive—a little faster now, but steady—and when the dude finally did come, Jan was thumping her ass on the bed like a beaver's tail. I thought, *Man, I haven't seen anything like this since that guy in Beta Company . . . .*Then I remembered, *Hey, you ain't whoring in Manila. This is your wife!*

Maybe it was thinking that, or maybe it was the sight of him straining into her, or the look on her face as she got his creamy load—whatever. I plastered the closet walls with my own cum, and then I was sort of out of it until Jan shook me awake. I don't know if they'd done it some more, or if he just walked out, or what happened. But I went down on her and ate her pussy, and ate and ate some more. When I entered her with my prick, I came in about three strokes, stayed hard and came again after she climaxed. It was good, but all I could see in my mind was that black cock sliding slowly up inside her, turning her on.

Now I've become Jan's closet audience once or twice a month. As soon as the men leave, I eat her, and then we ball hotter than we ever did before. She's washed in cum—theirs and mine—and her pussy is open and willing and kind of strange. I've got to admit, it scares me to see her hunger and how she enjoys it, but I also have a lot of respect for her. This is a totally new woman. And besides, I'm still the only one to get Jan's special little look when the fucking's done.

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* TWO-FACED POLITICIAN
* HALF-MAN, HALF-LOUIS XIV CHAIR!
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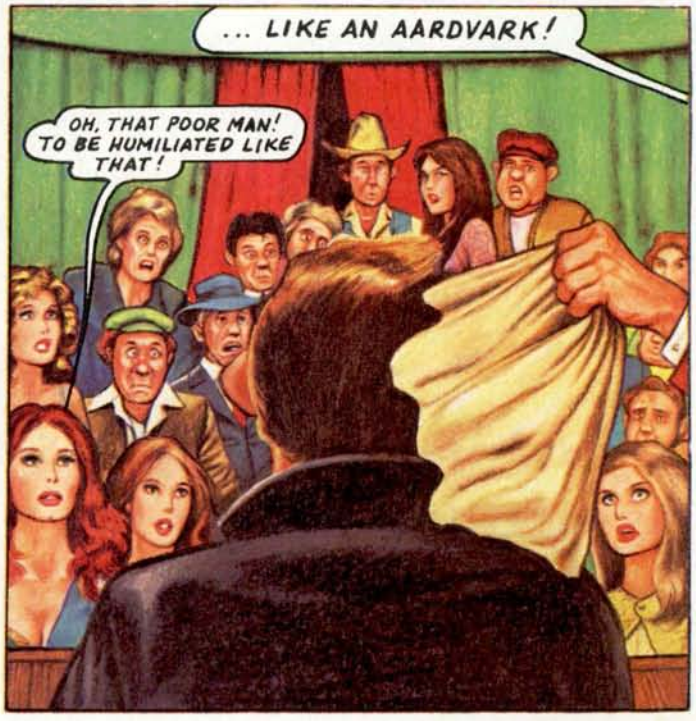
Come in and SEE him!
ENTRANCE
SEEING IS BELIEVING
SEE
IN
COME ONE, COME ALL!
TICKETS
STEP RIGHT UP!
THE NEXT NIGHT AT THE CIRCUS...
OOH! THE AARDVARK MAN! I DON'T REMEMBER HIM AT THE HOUSE... LET'S GO IN!
BIG TOP

INSIDE, THE SHOW BEGINS.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I GIVE YOU THE AARDVARK MAN! HE EATS ANTS AND TERMITES LIKE AN AARDVARK! BUT MORE AMAZINGLY, HE LOOKS...
Ants
The AARDVARK MAN LOOK ONLY IF YOU DARE!


... LIKE AN AARDVARK!
OH, THAT POOR MAN! TO BE HUMILIATED LIKE THAT!

OVERCOME WITH PITY, HONEY GRABS THE AARDVARK MAN OFF THE STAGE AND LEADS HIM OUT OF THE TENT!
HEY! COME BACK HERE!
The AARDVARK MAN
LOOK ONLY IF YOU DAR
????
COME WITH ME, YOU POOR THING!
EXIT
SAFELY BACK AT HONEY'S...
NOW LET'S TAKE OFF THAT STUFFY HOOD SO YOU CAN BREATHE!
B-BUT...
TH-THANK YOU, THAT'S MUCH BETTER! HOW CAN I EVER REPAY YOU FOR TAKING ME AWAY FROM THAT AWFUL FREAK SHOW?
HONEY THINKS OF SOMETHING QUICKLY!
I'VE BEEN WONDERING HOW THIS WOULD FEEL EVER SINCE I SAW YOU!
I'VE NEVER DONE A NOSE-DIVE BEFORE!

MMMMMF!
YOUR LITTLE TONGUE SLIDING AROUND IN ME FEELS GREAT!
AND I THOUGHT MY NOSE COULD ONLY SCARE PEOPLE!

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BEFORE I MET YOU GIRLS I FELT LIKE A LOWLY ANIMAL! NOW I FEEL LIKE A PARTY ANIMAL! I CAN LICK THE WORLD!
WOULD YOU START WITH ME?

THE TIME COMES FOR THE AARDVARK MAN TO GO OUT INTO THE WORLD.
WELL, I CAN'T GO BACK TO THE CIRCUS NOW. I HOPE I CAN FIND A JOB!
JUST KEEP YOUR NOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE, AND EVERYTHING WILL WORK OUT, AARDY!

AND NOT LONG AFTER... IT DOES!
LOOK! I GOT A JOB!
IT PROVES THAT EVERYONE IS GOOD AT SOMETHING! YOU'VE JUST GOT TO STOP FEELING SORRY FOR YOURSELF AND FIND OUT WHAT THAT SOMETHING IS!
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THE END

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write to HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067-3054, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

STIMULANT UPDATE

January's *Mail-Order Feedback* contained an item on the legal-stimulant industry, which has recently blossomed. We noted that caffeine-based lookalike pep pills are often bought in bulk and illegally peddled as speed, a ripoff the federal Food and Drug Administration (FDA) had yet to stop.

Since that writing, U.S. marshals, at the FDA's request, raided nine manufacturers of legal stimulants and seized both the pills and the equipment used in making them. Located in Alabama, Florida, Illinois, New York and Pennsylvania, these firms were major suppliers of legal stimulants in the United States.

The FDA requested the seizure on the grounds that the pills look too much like prescription drugs. The agency deemed them counterfeit and therefore illegal. Not only were products resembling uppers seized, but also confiscated were "legal" sleep aids similar to Quaaludes and other downers. These sleep products generally contain antihistamines, a common cold-remedy ingredient that can cause drowsiness as a side effect.

As noted in last month's column, legal stimulants and sleep aids *are* completely legal—at least in most states. What the FDA is trying to curb is the unlawful street sale that has all too frequently resulted in overdoses and deaths. The next move is up to the manufacturers.

MAILING-LIST BLUES

I have only once written to a mail-order sex firm, and that was for information on Accu-Jack. For the first time in my life I took a chance, and I lost. You see, my name ended up on the mailing list of Erik Imports, and its letters have "Sexually Oriented Ad" marked clearly in front. These letters have caused me intense embarrassment. I live in a small town, and they've made me so ashamed, I can't even bring myself to complain to the post office. What can I do? —*Name and Address Withheld by Request*

Getting your name off a mailing list isn't impossible, but you have to get over your shyness. Take those offending letters and envelopes down to your local post office. Attach them to a filled-out 2150 form. This declares you have been receiving sexual advertisements against your wishes. The Postal Service will send the firm a prohibitory order making it mandatory that you be left alone.

If you insist on bypassing the easy route, try writing the dealer that started your problems. State your name and address and ask to have your name removed from its mailing list. If this has no effect, send photocopies of the letters and envelopes to the Federal Trade Commission (6th St. and Pennsylvania Ave. NW, Washington, DC 20580). Make your wishes known, and the FTC will use the code numbers on your address label to track down the company and get its literature out of your mailbox.

SEX SCENTS

I sent away for a bottle of Potent-8, the cologne that's supposed to make you irresistible to women. I've been waiting for my merchandise for a month now, and I'm beginning to think I was ripped off. Can you help me get what I ordered? Also, does Potent-8 work, or was I a fool to waste my money on it? —*T. D. Redlands, California*

We spoke with *Body Science Inc.*, the manufacturer of Potent-8, and found out the delay in shipping your order was not a case of fraud. Apparently *Body Science*, which only recently delved into the sex-scent business, received more initial orders than it anticipated. The company quickly ran out of its first batch of Potent-8, and some customers had to wait until a second, larger batch was produced. Your order should already be in your possession.

As for whether odor aphrodisiacs really work, we covered the subject in HUSTLER's July 1980 *Sex Play*, in which we discussed pheromones, the prime activating element in these products. As noted, scientific experiments on the sexual role of odors date back to the 19th century. It's been firmly established that pheromones (odor molecules in sweat, urine, sperm and vaginal fluids) do send out sex signals. Unfortunately, androstenone, the pheromone type that specifically attracts women to men, is found in significant quantities only in a few males, and it's usually covered up by conventional deodorants and colognes.

Body Science (P.O. Box 2481, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163) isn't the only company marketing androstenone. *The Kent Institute* (P.O. Box 214, Mount Morris, IL 61054) sells it, and the oldest, most tested product is available from *Bodywise* (23363 L'Enfant Plaza, Washington, DC 20024).

The *Bodywise* spray costs $40, as opposed to the $10-$16 range for the others. It was distributed in England back in 1979 under the name Aeolus 7 and caused quite a stir there and in Europe. If you're interested in comparing brands, write to these companies and ask for test results on their specific products, and beware if all you get back are reports on pheromone research in general.

SEXUAL SWEETS

My girlfriend has a tremendous craving for chocolate. She's also a fantastic lover, and I'd like to get her a present that reminds her of both her passions. I know there are erotic-shaped sweets around, but can you tell me where I can purchase them? —*J. L. Scranton, Pennsylvania*

With Valentine's Day approaching, your question comes at a perfect time. That old reliable *The Pleasure Chest* (20 W. 20th St., New York, NY 10011) sells chocolate boobs and cocks-on-a-stick for $4. Mini-boob packages cost $2.

If you want more variety in your sexual sweets, check out *Unmentionnibbles* (314-831-5745), a new St. Louis firm specializing in white and dark chocolate nasties in all shapes and sizes. Besides bosoms, rumps, pinup girls, lips and fingers, a 16-piece assortment box is available. You can even write your own erotic message on a chocolate bar (a Candid Candy-gram).

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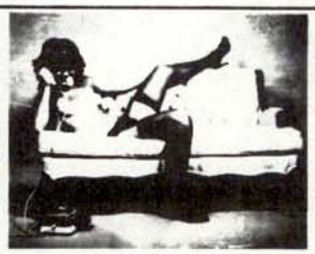

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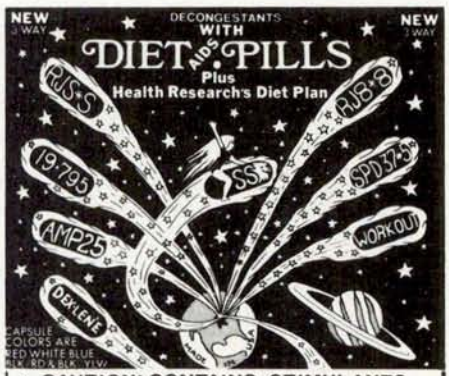

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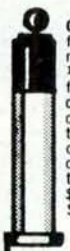

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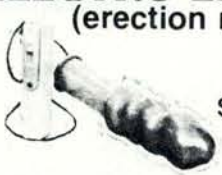

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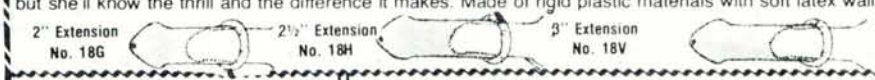

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HUS.1

LIFE INSURANCE

(continued from page 110)

Term-insurance policies are written for a period of years—usually five, sometimes as few as one, but never for life. For example, a 29-year-old man might pay Northwestern Mutual $224 for $100,000 of coverage. At the end of the term (in this case, one year) the buyer's coverage stops. So does his obligation to pay.

If he wants a new policy at the end of his term, he'll either pay more money for the same coverage, or pay the same premium to get lower benefits. By the time he's 54, it will cost him $1,241 to buy another year of $100,000 coverage. Why the big jump?

The one thing both you and your insuror know is that you are going to die. The only question is when. Nobody knows the answer to that one, but you're a year closer to it now than you were a year ago. From the insurance company's point of view, you're a somewhat-less-desirable risk than you were a year earlier, and your premiums will reflect this fact. (Of course, at 54 you're a *lot* less desirable than you were at 29.)

Cash-value insurance, the other primary type, is also called whole life, straight life and ordinary life. A decade ago 75% of all policies sold were cash-value policies; today the figure stands at 43%. Cash-value insurance is a simple, straightforward deal: You pay a constant premium for a fixed amount of coverage. Your premium will never go up—even when you're 85 and can barely hold the pen to write out a check to the insurance company.

How can insurors afford to write a policy that doesn't charge you more money, even when you're old enough to be a really terrible risk? It's easy. They adjust the rates so that when you're young, you overpay the coverage you get. And the overpayment isn't minor.

In the early years of a cash-value policy you're paying from three to six times what the same amount of coverage would cost you for term insurance. And while you're paying those whopping premiums, the company is investing the money, generating income against the day it will finally have to pay off—the day you die. By that time, the firm will have more than made its money back.

Most unbiased observers, including the watchdog Consumers Union, advise that term insurance is a better buy, especially when you're young, with credit debts to pay off and a wife and small children to support. As you get older and the kids leave home, you won't need as much insurance. If you try to buy a term policy when you're 65, of

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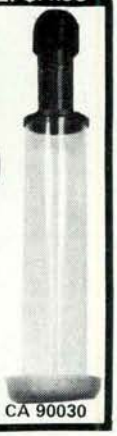

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course, you'll pay through the nose. But by that time, you may only need enough coverage to pay your death expenses and a modest sum to sustain your wife.

Cash-value insurance gets its name from the fact that your policy has a monetary worth—the difference between what you pay and what it actually costs the company to insure you (plus, naturally, a very nice profit margin). If you ever decide to discontinue coverage on a cash-value policy, you'll get some of your money back. Furthermore, while the policy is in force, you can borrow money on it. However, your cash value isn't nearly as much as what you'd get by buying the same amount of term coverage and putting the difference into a savings account.

So if term insurance is the better alternative, why do so many people buy cash value? Simply because the insurance industry doesn't want you to buy term policies, which make it too easy to figure out what you're getting and how much you're paying. Worse yet, term doesn't turn over those huge profits the industry likes to see. In a speech to a professional insurance group, Edward Bates, president of Connecticut Mutual Life, admitted, "No agent, general agent or agency system can live very well on the commissions from only term insurance."

Understandably, the industry is up in arms over the growth of term insurance during the past ten years. "As you see term grow, you'll see premiums diminish and profits diminish faster," warns Gordon Gaddy, president of Fireman's Fund. Cash value does a better job of siphoning the bucks from your pocket to insurance companies, and it does it quicker. Cash value is all they'd sell if the companies had their way.

Keep in mind that term isn't the best kind of insurance in all cases. If you die while you're still young, your wife may be able to work and support the family. If you die at 50, and your wife has never worked, she may need money to live on for the next 30-odd years. In any case, your family's situation will determine which of the two types is better for you.

THE NUMBERS RACKET

Your insurance company operates in much the same way as the corner bookmaker, although insurance is a high roller's game that makes the bookie seem strictly penny-ante. Both are businesses that depend on staying ahead of the odds in order to take your money.

The bookie gets his football odds every Tuesday from linemakers in Las Vegas. Most insurance companies don't even have to make a long-distance call. They set their own odds, called *actuarial tables*. These list mortality rates broken down by sex, age, place of residence, and just about every other way imaginable. All insurors keep extensive sets of actuarial tables. Without them there'd be no insurance industry.

If you're a white, 35-year-old male, married with two kids and living in New Mexico, your insurance company knows the odds of your living until 1986, 1991, 1996 or any other year. These odds make it easy for an insuror to calculate how big a premium it has to charge you in order to recover its money when you finally die, and to allow a margin of profit for the firm and its investors.

Suppose you buy a $100,000 policy today, then step in front of a moving truck tomorrow? Your insuror's actuarial tables have that situation covered too. The loss it takes on you will be more than balanced out by the rest of those 35-year-old guys in New Mexico who beat the odds and pay their premiums until they're 85 or 90.

The insurance company knows that in any given year, most policyholders won't die. So it's free to take the money those people have paid in and invest it. These investments are where the insurance industry makes its monster profits. (In 1979 Prudential earned more than $278 million after taxes. Metropolitan Life made nearly $235 million, and Aetna Life pocketed almost $200 million.)

YOUR FRIENDLY LOCAL AGENT

A series of heartwarming TV commercials once aired by State Farm Insurance showed the company's agents coaching Little League teams, heading up fund-raising drives and generally being a credit to their communities. The point of those messages was to let you know what a swell guy your State Farm agent is.

In reality, your local insurance agent isn't exactly a wellspring of civic spirit. He's an ordinary working stiff, just like you, and he toils very hard in a dog-eat-dog business. His big problem is that 90% of American families already carry some form of life insurance. So he's out there being a professional good citizen because he *has* to make contacts to find that other 10%.

Consumer crusader Herbert Denenberg says insurance companies "would solve a lot of problems if they could get competent salesmen. This is a fundamental problem that's been recognized by the industry for a long time. Insurance is a sophisticated commodity, and sometimes the people who're selling it aren't too qualified."

In fact, most states require *no* formal qualifications for the aspiring agent. He's probably a guy who read a want ad offering "big commissions . . . unlimited

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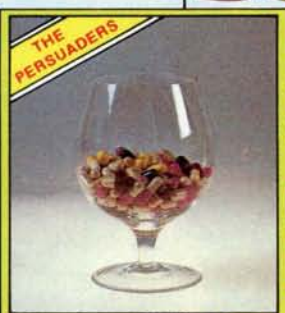

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earning potential . . . a career, not just a job." Having had some previous experience in direct sales, he went down to the offices of Vulture Mutual and enrolled in its training course. After two weeks of instruction, he was given a contract and sent out into the field.

Most likely, his contract specified he wasn't actually an employee of Vulture Mutual; rather, he was an independent contractor. In the fine print it explained his salary wasn't even a real salary; it was an advance against commissions. If he didn't earn back that advance, he'd have to find another line of work—like the majority of insurance-sales trainees.

But let's say this fellow stuck it out, made some contacts and is now able to earn a living. The commission he draws is most likely to be "55 and nine fives," meaning he gets 55% of his money out of your first year's premiums and 5% a year for the next nine years. In other words, he earns more than half his wage if you keep your policy for a year, and nothing extra if you hang onto it for longer than ten.

The 55-and-nine-fives rule makes it in your agent's interest to sell you a new policy after you've had the old one for a year. This practice is called "twisting," and it's standard throughout the industry. If you already own a cash-value policy, for example, your agent will suggest using the cash value to pay the first premiums on the new policy he's trying to sell you. What he won't tell you is that his 55% will come out of the first year's premiums.

The front-loaded-commission system gives the agent all the motivation he needs to get you to replace your old policy, and the numbers show he's usually successful. About one-quarter of all policies get dropped within 13 months, and only 20% are kept until maturity.

The best of all possible worlds from your agent's standpoint is when he can get you to cash in some other company's policy and use the cash value to buy a new policy from him. That's where high-pressure selling techniques come in handy.

"Listen, fella," he might say, "term insurance melts away like icicles. With this new cash-value policy, you're buying something permanent, and you get money back if you live. Don't you really think you owe it to your wife and those two swell kids of yours?"

Sounds pretty seedy, doesn't it? But none of it is your agent's fault. He's got a family to support, and he's at the mercy of the same economic forces that push and pull at us all. The insurance companies are the real culprits. They—not the salesman—rigged the commission schedule in the first place.

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Annie: Mr. Stud, I've seen quite a few of your better films and I've got to admit you've turned me on many times. You always look so confident, so sure of yourself with women. Did you always have that masterful touch?

Mr. Stud: Actually, no, Annie . I know a lot of people are going to be surprised by this, but before I got into films, I was terribly insecure about myself. I was awkward and worried about all sorts of things. Mostly, I just scared myself into feelings of rejection.

Annie: What did you do? How did you overcome it?

Mr. Stud: I was very lucky. I met a warm loving woman who wasn't afraid to go to bed with me—in spite of my size. I know it sounds ridiculous, but being too big has its own handicaps. I used to think I'd hurt a woman, and it made me gun-shy, so to speak. But I can really understand a guy who feels he's too small to please a woman.

Annie: I think I know what you mean. I really do. I know I prefer a man who's got a good technique in bed. That counts for a lot. But if I had to choose between two men who were both terrific lovers, I have to admit I'd go for the one with a bigger penis first. It's just a natural female preference.

Mr. Stud: I've heard it both ways, Annie . That size doesn't mean as much as technique, and that size is the only thing that matters. Does bigger really mean better?

Annie: Speaking for myself, definitely yes! I enjoy looking at a big penis, fondling it and holding it. And when I'm making love, the feeling of really being filled completely is what gets me off every time!

Mr. Stud: That's great, Annie , if you're with a guy who's well hung like—well, like me. Or even with a lover who's amply endowed. But what about the guy who's undersized and who may feel somewhat inadequate? He needs some loving, too.

BREAKTHROUGH

Annie: Fortunately there is something for the man with a small penis. It was developed in England by a doctor, just to solve this problem. Medical science is skeptical, *but* already there is a study published by a prominent doctor that shows that the penis *can* be made larger. Actually longer and thicker!

Mr. Stud: If what you say is true, Annie , then there is real hope for the man who feels he is too small. What is this device or method?

THE JOHN HOLMES SUPER PUMP

Annie: Quite simply, John, it's a personal suction device. Just follow the instructions and its safe and simple to use. The penis fits inside, and you can see what's happening through the transparent sheath. I've seen it in use, and the results seemed amazing!

Mr. Stud: There really is hope for "small" men!

Annie: You bet there is. So much so that we're offering it to men with an unconditional money-back guarantee. Even though some men may take longer to achieve results than others, and even though some users might not follow directions carefully enough, we guarantee that if a man doesn't get the results he expects, or doesn't get the improvement he needs in 30 days, he can return the SUPER PUMP for a prompt and full refund, no questions asked.

Mr. Stud: Sounds like a "Can't lose" offer to me, Annie . What does it cost, and how can a man get it?

Annie: Simple! He can write to the address below and send a check or money order for $39.95 plus postage and handling. We mail the SUPER PUMP in a plain wrapper. He can even charge it on Mastercharge or Visa, and we will ship the SUPER PUMP with complete instructions immediately.

Mr. Stud: With an offer like this, backed by a money-back guarantee, every small man owes it to himself to try the JOHN HOLMES SUPER PUMP. And once they start to get results, their self confidence and ability to satisfy women will naturally start to go up. And with changes like that, he's got to score.

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THE WORST RIPOFF

The cruelest insurance scam of all is one most middle-class people never encounter. It's reserved for the poverty-stricken, often inner-city blacks.

The scam is called *debit insurance*, and it works like this: An unscrupulous insurance salesman comes to the door of an impoverished widow in, say, San Francisco's Fillmore District. She tells him there's no way she can afford insurance. She's 60 years old, and her late husband's Social Security benefits leave her little disposable income.

"Aha," says the agent. "Can you afford *not* to have insurance? What'll happen when you die? Where will the money for your funeral come from? Who'll pay for your cemetery plot?" These are real concerns for many of our elderly urban poor.

The salesman proposes a modest burial-insurance policy. The amount of coverage will be small, $1,000 or so, just enough to pay for a low-key funeral. And instead of making a lump-sum payment, the widow will have to pay only $2 or $3 a week.

The woman, who's been worried about her own funeral arrangements ever since she laid her husband to rest, is an easy mark. She signs the contract and hands over three bucks to the agent. "You won't even have to go to the post office to mail your weekly premium," he promises her. "My company will send a man around every Friday to collect."

The widow will be paying $156 a year for $1,000 worth of insurance coverage. Investing that money, the insurance company will make its thousand bucks back in only a few years. But that doesn't really matter, since in the overwhelming majority of cases the insuror will never have to pay off at all.

Usually, at some point, the burial-insurance policyholder misses four or five payments, and the company cancels the policy. If the destitute victim wants to have the policy reinstated, all the missing premium payments—plus the compound interest—will have to be paid. It's astonishing how quickly the debt can mount up under such an arrangement.

A Los Angeles lawyer who once worked at a Legal Aid office in northern California recalls: "One day an old lady came into my office with a cancellation notice from one of these burial-insurance companies. She'd missed about a year-and-a-half of payments and wanted to get her policy reinstated. Her coverage was very small—only about $400. She'd written to the insurance company, and it had written back saying it would cost her a little more than 500 bucks to get back in its good graces."

The lawyer frowned, looking as if he'd just smelled something rotten. "It was all perfectly legal. I had the unpleasant job of explaining to her how compound interest works and how the insurance company wasn't joking. Five hundred dollars was really what she owed."

"Naturally, debit insurance is expensive," says Herb Denenberg. "You can imagine the bookkeeping costs when a firm is recording thousands of $3 payments every week. But if a guy's worried about burial, he should probably rely on savings or Social Security, which has a death benefit of around $250. Debit is absolutely the worst way to buy insurance."

More-ethical insurance companies—such as Aetna, Allstate and Prudential—don't sell these policies. Why should they? They're making hundreds of millions as it is. Weekly burial policies are sold by small, off-brand firms in ghettos and rural areas. Only the shoddiest outfit would try to wring a few dollars a week out of the elderly poor.

INSURANCE AND INFLATION

"The insurance business was structured for an era in which we did not have double-digit inflation," Herb Denenberg maintains. Inflation is a problem with which all of us have to contend. Its effect on insurance is particularly severe.

Let's say you buy $100,000 worth of cash-value insurance. After ten years of 10% inflation your hundred grand will be worth about $35,000 in 1982 dollars. After 20 years your policy's value will go down to a little more than $12,000.

If it's any consolation, the insurance industry is worried about inflation too. Thomas Simons, chairman of Capital Holding Corporation, calls it "the biggest enemy of life insurance. It raises costs, it damages the fixed-dollar-savings element in permanent life contracts; and, when interest rates get very high, it produces a cash drain because of increased policy loans."

At a time when the prime interest rate hovers around 20%, many policyholders can borrow against their cash-value policies at 8%. They've been doing just that, investing in money-market funds earning 20%, paying back the insurance company and pocketing the difference. Insurors are no longer happy about making involuntary loans to policyholders, and you can bet that future cash-value policies will have tightened loopholes in their loan provisions.

The insurance industry is even more worried that inflation will cause cash-value insurance to seem like less and less of a bargain to buyers despite its loan fea-

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tures. Inflation is currently being blamed for cash value's drop in popularity—and with the consequent drop in profits. The industry is responding by using new sales tactics (direct mail is one) and by trying to sell to women, a long-ignored segment of the market. But more and more people are buying the cheaper term insurance (when they're insuring themselves at all), since they can renegotiate the value of the policy as each term expires.

PAR VS. NONPAR

There's another aspect of insurance that smart buyers should know about. Your policy may pay dividends, in which case it's called a *participating (par) policy*. If it doesn't, it's a *nonparticipating (nonpar) policy*. Term and cash-value insurance may be either par or nonpar.

When you buy a par policy, you're counting on the insurance company having a good year, making a nice profit and kicking back some of the money to you in the form of a dividend. Par policies generally cost more than nonpar ones; so you're hoping your dividend will more than make up for the difference in cost to you.

As it happens, insurance companies usually do have good years—and lots of them. Over the past 20 years or so participating policies have been a better buy than nonpar. Whether they're as good an idea as taking the difference in premium costs and investing the dough is another matter.

One 1973 study found par policies to be the better deal about 75% of the time. The study assumed an investor would earn 4% on his money if he put it to work somewhere else, such as stocks, savings or a credit union. When an 8% rate of return was figured in, par policies came out ahead in only a little more than half the cases.

If the economy should take a bad downturn, of course, participating policies could turn out to be a bad idea.

SHOP AROUND

When Herbert Denenberg reigned as Pennsylvania's insurance commissioner, he was considered the scourge of the industry. He's a former professor at the University of Pennsylvania's prestigious Wharton School of Commerce and a man who owns a lot of insurance himself. What he did to most upset the insurance industry was issuing shoppers' guides that rated policies sold by the 480 biggest insurance companies to Pennsylvania residents in terms of price paid for coverage received. They also listed the best and worst buys in life insurance and pointed out how much the same amount of money would have

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earned had it been invested in bank accounts or stocks—anything else but insurance.

If your state doesn't have something like Pennsylvania's insurance-shoppers' guides, you can still outsmart insurors by paying attention to something called the *interest-adjusted net cost*. That sounds like a mouthful, but it's relatively simple.

Consumers Union recently published a guide for insurance buyers giving the following example: Joe buys a cash-value policy with premiums of $1,050 per year and a cash value of $16,500 after 20 years. Susan buys a policy for the same amount of coverage that costs $1,000 a year, with a cash value of $15,000. Who got the better deal?

You might think Joe did. He paid $1,050 a year for 20 years (a total of $21,000), and cashed out at $16,500. Thus, his insurance for those 20 years cost him a total of $4,500. Susan paid $1,000 a year for 20 years ($20,000), but cashed out at only $15,000. Her insurance cost her $5,000.

These figures ignore the fact that Joe could have been earning interest on the extra 50 bucks he paid each year. When you figure in the interest he had to pass up, Joe's interest-adjusted net cost over 20 years was $19,955. Susan's was only $19,719; so her insurance was actually cheaper than Joe's.

Fortunately, you don't have to do that sort of arithmetic yourself. In 29 states your insurance agent must give you the 20-year interest-adjusted net cost; it's the law. In the other 21 states it's a damn good idea to ask for it.

You also may be able to get a better deal on your life insurance through your job, membership in a fraternal order, or even the state in which you live. Connecticut, Massachusetts and New York offer Savings Bank Life Insurance.

Then there are *preferred-risk* policies sold by insurance companies to people who don't smoke or who otherwise seem healthier than average. Watch out for these. Just because a company calls a particular policy "preferred" doesn't mean you'll save money. In the insurance game, "preferred" may mean no more than "new and improved" means on a box of laundry detergent.

Unless you're careful and ask the right questions, you'll be like a blind man walking through a minefield as you listen to the come-ons of a fast-talking insurance salesman.

"When you buy a life-insurance policy," comedian Shelley Berman once said, "you're actually betting the insurance company you're going to die—and you have to win to collect."

Somehow, there must be a better way to go.

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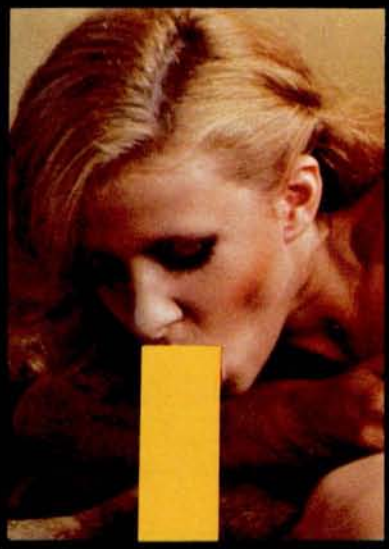

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NEXT MONTH

March issue on sale January 21, 1982

CONTAMINATED FOOD—From mozzarella cheese riddled with bits of metal and plastic to bags of rice laced with bird filth—unsafe, unsanitary food is everywhere, and chances are, you've eaten plenty of it. The truth is, virtually nothing in America these days is guaranteed safe to consume, including milk from a breast-feeding mother! Leah Wallach's hard-hitting report tells how inadequate safeguards, lax government agencies and profit-hungry businessmen have conspired to push food on us that isn't even fit for pigs.

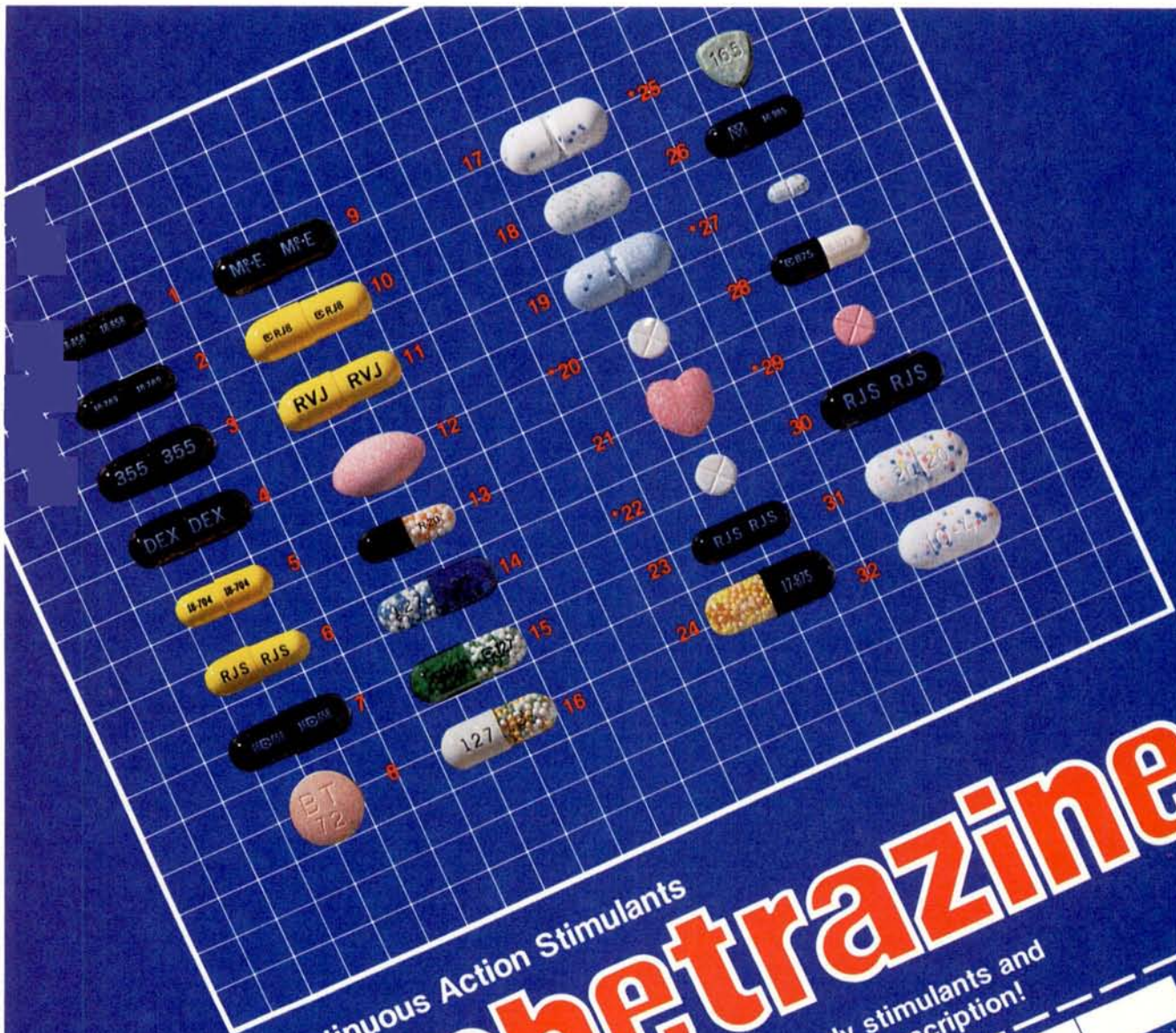
PROFILE: DARRELL WALTRIP—Some call him "Alligator Mouth" or "Jaws." Others charge he's a reckless cheat who'll stop at nothing to cross the finish line first. But even his critics concede that, at age 35, the tall, hot-headed Kentucky native has become the man to beat in the fiercely competitive world of professional stock-car racing. Journalist Bob Allen took to the tracks himself to provide this colorful portrait of the one driver the fans really love to hate.

GHOST HOUSE—Hoping to save their rocky marriage, writer Tim Mathis and his sexy wife flee the big-city rat race and move into a handsome old two-story house. But when bizarre things begin happening in their king-size bed, it looks as if the couple may have made a ghastly mistake. Eerie fiction from the pen of D. S. Bradford.

SOAP STARS NUDE!—Tune in next month for a HUSTLER exclusive: sizzling photographs of soap sex symbols from two of television's most-talked-about programs, *General Hospital* and *Days of Our Lives*. And we're not talking about peeks at a nipple either!

PHOTO-FEATURES—You'll feel like doffing your duds after seeing **JULIA: DRESSED TO PLEASE**, next month's centerfold. Then **MUFF DIVER** shows a girl and a guy making some very sensuous waves. **MARIAN** is a vision in white—and pink—while lusty lassies **KATIE AND MAUREEN** will set everybody's **IRISH EYES** to smilin'.

PLUS—A magnetic March lineup, including **ADVISE & CONSENT, SEX PLAY, KINKY KORNER, WORLD NEWS ROUNDUP, BITS & PIECES, HUSTLER HUMOR, HONEY** and **BEAVER HUNT.**



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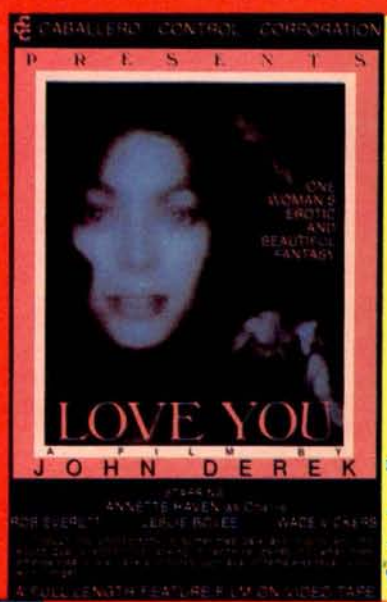

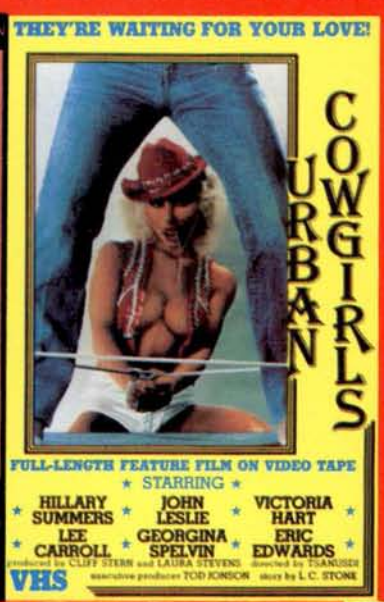

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